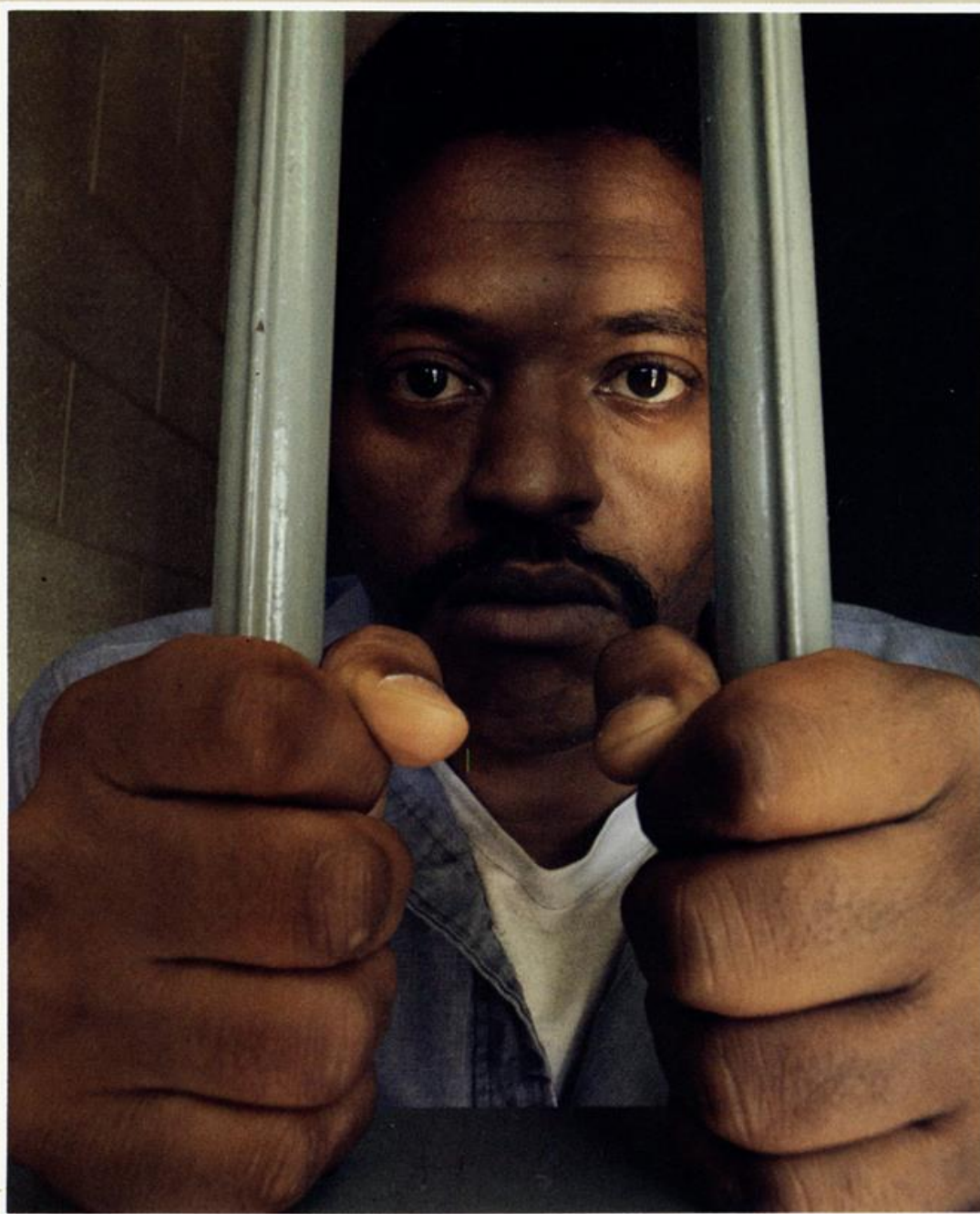


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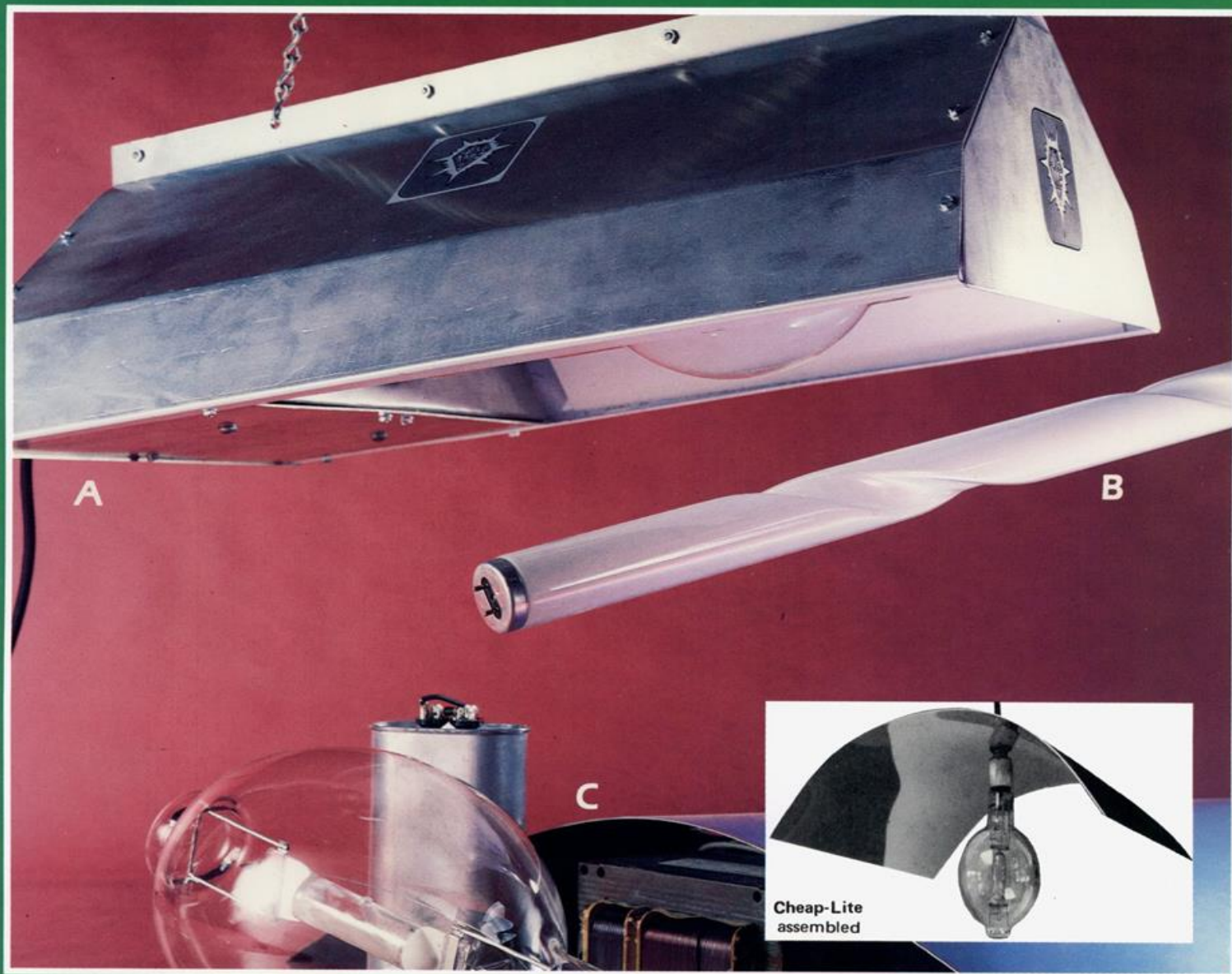
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HIGH TIMES

No. 95 July '83

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

Raiders of the Lost Gold, Part VI by "R"

HIGH TIMES presents the final installment of the epic smuggling adventure wherein all ambiguities are resolved and all questions answered—well, sort of. Does that mean you'll never know the real story behind the Marijuana Mystery Lady, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the Antisurveillance cloaking device, the dwarf with the dreadlocks and the coke-tasting party in Hut 7 with the Cubans? Maybe yes, maybe no. In the meantime, just read what's written and pray for the sequel

44

Centerfold: The Philosopher's Stone

49

Stimulants by Andrew Weil and Winifred Rosen

What do a Peruvian chewing a wad of coca leaves, a thirsty 10-year-old gulping down his favorite cola and a fat lady finishing her second box of chocolates have in common? They're all releasing gobs of neurotransmitters inside their bodies, and all would be shocked to learn that they are using drugs. Ladies and gentlemen, HIGH TIMES presents the Wide World of Norepinephrine

58

The Jockey by Charles Bukowski

It had been a tough day. One third-place finish, the rest out of the money and his last mount threw him in the starting gate and he'd hurt his leg. But Karina would be waiting at home and that made it all easier to bear. At six feet tall she was every jockey's dream: long legs, long hair, lots of education, lots of class; in other words — a real bitch

67

Reefer Madness, Part II: The Gore File by Larry Sloman

The late Harry J. Anslinger was the original commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics and the man who almost single-handedly created the phenomenon known as "Reefer Madness." In case after case of the most brutal rapes, assaults and murders, the sinister influence of "marihuana" would be detected by Harry and his boys, and the gruesome facts would be passed on to the press, federal and local legislatures. In many cases the sinister influence of marihuana would be detected when there was no marihuana at all. Why do you think they call it madness?

71

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Bumper Pot Crop Embarrasses DEA . . . Drugs in Congress . . . Snakes on Dope . . . U.S. Welches on Huge Dope Deal . . . Teen TV Addict Takes Own Life . . . 'Coke Queen' Busted in Colombia . . . High Court Backs Use of Beepers . . . Starch-Blocker Myths Debunked . . . Take Feverfew for Fast Relief

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32 Interview: Roger Davis by Bob LaBrasca

"Is it right to give a man 40 years and a twenty-thousand-dollar fine for marijuana? If the United States Supreme Court doesn't know, then why in hell don't they accept my answer for it? I know it's wrong, because I'm the one in here doing the time. I've spent eleven years of my life struggling out of this shit, for something as petty as marijuana—without enough evidence to convict me in any other court in the world except that one in Wytheville, Virginia." —Roger Davis



38 A Robert Williams Portfolio

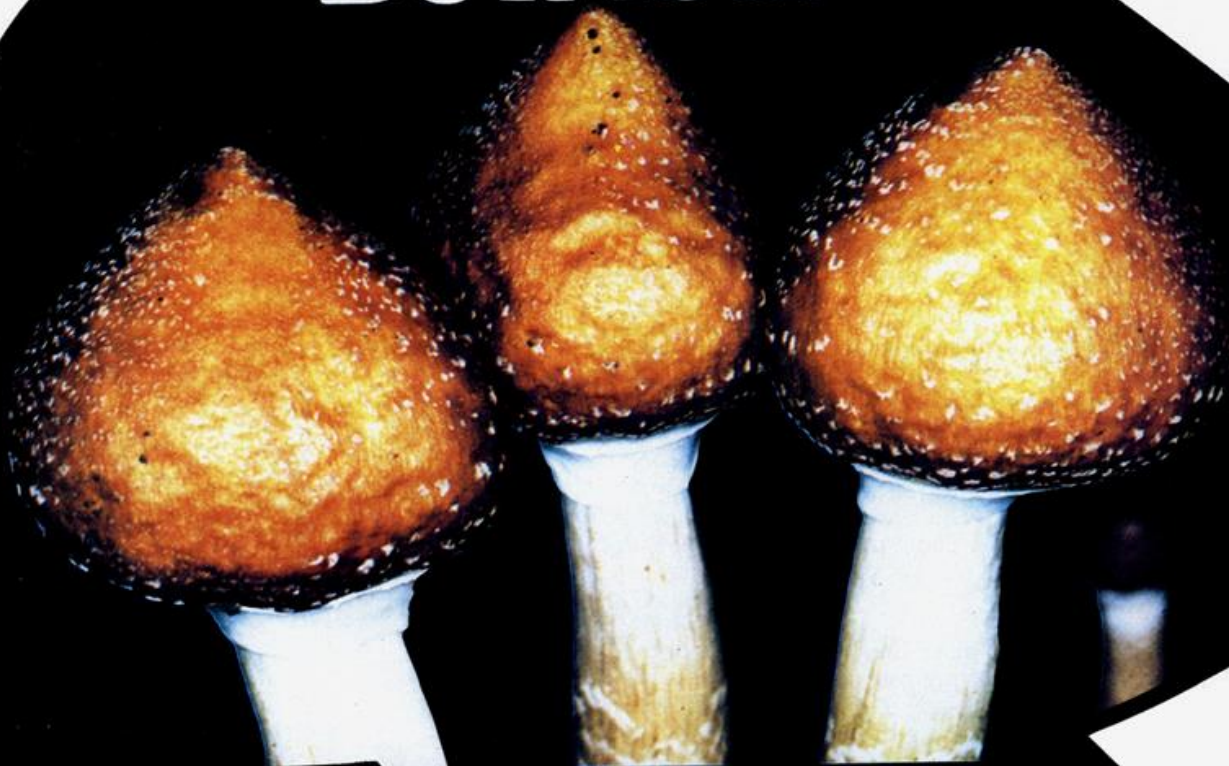
This month HIGH TIMES presents a sampling of the work of underground artist Robert Williams. As a painter, illustrator and cartoonist, Williams has long been a valiant champion for the cause of "lowbrow art" in America. As he sees it, there's no more intrinsic merit in painting a standard still life than there is in illuminating a row of death's-heads, as long as they're both done in good taste, of course.



52 Out of the Blue Book by Brad Benedict

A pictorial extravaganza dedicated to the proposition that sex is more than a lot of labored grunting, groaning and groping—it's fun, probably even silly at times. Share in the wild and crazy erotic fantasies of more than 100 of the world's most famous artists as they devote themselves to the utterly wholesome task of amusement through arousal—or is that arousal through amusement? At any rate, you're gonna love the one with the dildo and the jumper cables.

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LETTERS

Bozos Will Be Bozos

Editor:

Your story on the sinsemilla snitches of Oregon (HIGH TIMES, April '83) strongly underlined the dysfunctional nature of law enforcement's present attitude toward grass. For dysfunctional is probably the easiest (and kindest) way to describe individuals who would literally bankrupt their communities in pursuit of a marijuana menace which they themselves have created through the use of provocateurs, paid informants, etc. Such "public servants" ought to be tarred and feathered and run out of town on a rail. In times such as these, when money is so short, how can these bozos dare perpetrate such scams.

—Name and address withheld



Bravo 'Bama

Editor:

We have seen what they can do in California. We have seen what they can do in Mississippi. We have seen what they can do in Florida. Now look what we did in Cleburne County, Alabama!

—A Concerned Citizen
Address withheld

Parents' Responsibility

Editor:

It was comforting to read that HIGH TIMES does not take lightly the serious issue concerning parental drug use and the worries of inevitable conflicts resultant in the children (HIGH TIMES Letters, "Pot and Parenting," April '83).

I am a mother of two school-aged kids. They are aware of the fact that my husband and I really enjoy HIGH TIMES. I can attest personally to the enormous difficulties that do exist, keeping in mind today's moral/legal climate, in providing our children

with honest, sensible guidance in the area of drug use. As very concerned parents, my husband and I have a tough job in trying to merge credibly those divergent views: approval of personal drug use by the parents at home, versus the school/legal/media hype that proclaims the evil inherent in all drugs.

In our family, there exists one additional source of confusion for the kids to assimilate. My husband, a physician, will often throw around the term "drug," as is understandable, considering his profession. Therein, unfortunately, lurks a major area of inconsistency: are we speaking of drugs which are "bad" (as taught in school/by government/through media), or, does drug mean medication (i.e., "good")? Aside from answering their questions as they may arise, little more assistance can be provided in this area.

You must try to maintain respect for your child's innate intelligence, maturity and sound instincts for self-preservation. When your child perceives you as a parent who has integrity, who behaves in a manner appropriate to a situation, who may indulge in drugs moderately and in control, and who is there when needed, then you can afford the luxury of feeling confident that your child is well-armed to face whatever drug-related question and/or problem he or she may encounter.

—Name and address withheld

With a Tear and a Smile

Editor:

Sitting at a friend's house, I came across one of your publications. It made me think. I was born in 1952 (which is really not that long ago). But nowadays I find myself explaining to my kid's babysitter things like, "No, Woodstock was not the name of a singing group. It was a three-day celebration of peace and music, where everyone got together—" and then her face goes blank. Reflecting on the miles I have come, I think: They were the best of times; they were the worst of times. But they were always HIGH TIMES. The name of your magazine says it all for me.

—Martin Young
St. Louis, Mo.

Thanks for the thought, grandpa—Ed.

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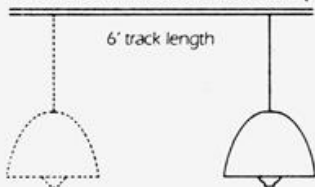
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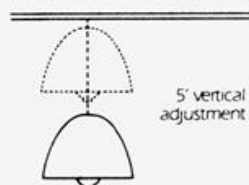


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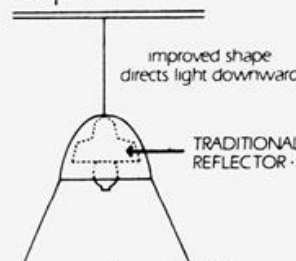
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Richard Boehm spent more than a year researching and filming "Sold American," the informative half-hour documentary on the sinsemilla growers of Northern California. It's an inside view of the sinse farmer's world—following roughly the course of one growing season—but makes use of interviews with county officials, state and local narcs and non-grower residents of the area as well. It's had limited distribution so far, having been shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Northeast Regional NORML conference and on the USA Cable Network program "Night Flight." For information on rental for screenings, contact Richard Boehm, 71 Barrow St., #12, New York, NY 10014.

Mug Full of Muggles

His name is Spark, and while he'll probably never make the *Guinness Book of Records*, his name will live forever in the pages of *HIGH TIMES*. Just in case you're wondering, those are one hundred jays he's got stuffed in his gab, and Spark challenges any and all comers to try and go him one jay better.





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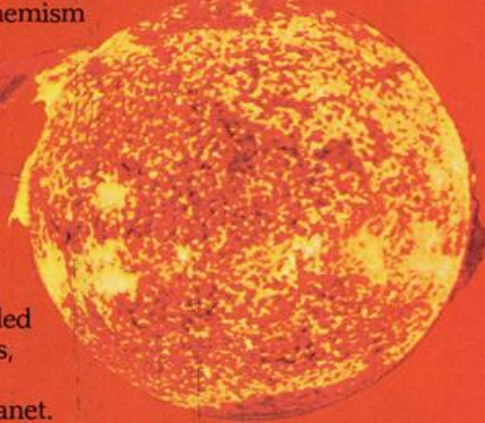
William the Typesetter Responds to Last Month's Special '60s Issue Now That He's Had a Chance to Read It

All very nostalgic, that '60s issue. But I thought there was something central—and *primal*—to those times that was nowhere given the obeisance that it deserves: the awesome, historically unprecedented explosion of psychospiritual energy that tripped off the period of revolutionary mind expansion we refer to so fondly now as "the '60s."

Like it or not, that's a cultural euphemism for what we might refer to more aptly as the Acid Age. Just as in the '40s uranium-235 proved to be the key for unlocking the door to the deeper mysteries of the physical universe, with all their potential for good or evil, the astral universe in all its majesty and terror was revealed to us in the '60s by LSD-25. Perhaps, we hoped, it was the God-given antidote—the last chance for the planet.

These days, as always, a lot of people get high because they like to get drunk. Those days, a lot of people got high to get telepathic—because they found joy in being able to emerge in the midst of somebody else's mind and check everything out until they knew it as well as their own. It involved an ego death to be able to do that, because it meant opening your mind to theirs as well. But if you got beyond the kicking and screaming part of letting your ego die, you started to get used to it, maybe even started to like it, because it was a way to attain spiritual power. Once you were into some spiritual power, the big question was how wisely you would end up using it, and that always seemed to depend on how much

/ continued on page 16



The Great Books of Cannabis

Laurence Cherniak proudly presents *Book Two of the Great Books of Cannabis*. Spanning the globe (12 countries and 4 continents), compiling one of the truly unique collections of photographs in all the world (over 500 shots in all), the HIGH TIMES international correspondent presents us with the fruits of 15 years' sojourn among the drug-producing peoples of the planet.

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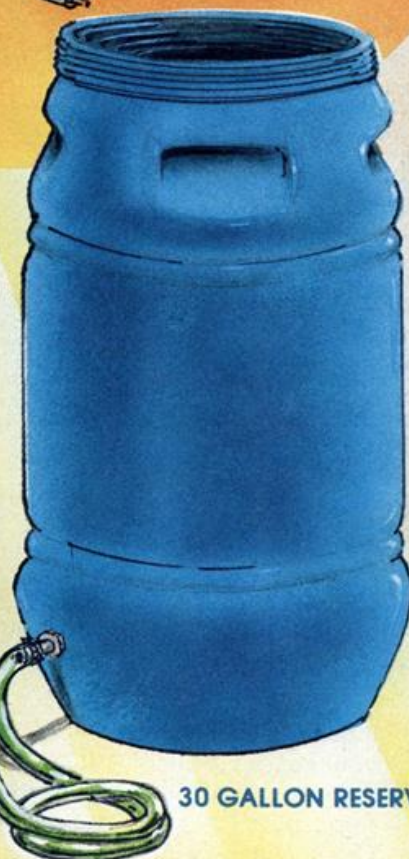
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FLASHES



Michael Kienitz

**Eddie Elson
1941-1983**

HIGH TIMES readers may remember our profile (December 1981) of Edward Ben Elson, the wild-man drug lawyer from McFarland, Wisconsin, who waged a constant guerrilla war against dull-mindedness, hypocrisy and the needless restriction of individual liberty. On February 8, Eddie took his own life at his McFarland home. Those of us at HIGH TIMES who knew him join his family in mourning his passing. He was a bad-ass warrior in the service of the human imagination.

Eddie used to say that our universe was enclosed in a dark membrane, shaped like a banana and floating in a vast sea of pure light; that the stars in the night sky were mere pinholes in that membrane. Eddie had a boat, formed in the shape of a banana. He said that, because of the boat's shape, he could set himself adrift in it, on Lake Waubesa, and move in perfect union with the "pitch and yaw of the universe." So now he's set sail, like a pharaoh, toward clear, shining infinity. Fair winds, mate.

Informing Your Way through High School

Lewisville, Texas—High-school students are getting \$100 each time they give officials information leading to the conviction of a student using or selling drugs. Since the program began in September at the 2,200-student school in this North Dallas suburb, 17 students have been reported to the police. "You'd be astonished at how well the students are cooperating," Assistant Principal Malcolm Dennis said. "Some have even turned in their best friends."

—from U.S.A. Today

What about a bonus for blood relatives?—Ed.



Peter Hudson

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R & B SONG HITS OF THE PAST

While not one of Louis Jordan's big hits, "Stone Cold Dead in the Court" was popular at a time when it could be called the top of the charts. In fact, in 1946, it was reported that Louis Jordan's record sales were second only to King Records' "Rock the Boat" which was number one for a while. This record, which was written by Louis Jordan and his band, the Tympany Five, was a hit for the first time. It is interesting to note that the record was only a hit in the South. In the North, it was a flop. This was due to the fact that the record was considered to be too "racy" for the North. In the South, however, it was a hit. This was due to the fact that the record was considered to be "racy" and "hot" in the South. In the North, it was considered to be "too racy" and "too hot" for the North. In the South, it was considered to be "just what the doctor ordered" and "just what the people needed." In the North, it was considered to be "too much" and "too far." In the South, it was considered to be "just what the doctor ordered" and "just what the people needed."

STONE IN THE COURT

DECCA

"GO AWAY"
 JOE JOE
 And the Gypsy King

FORTUNE

THE WIND
 "WINDY" HILL

ROCKIN' RECORDS

by BILL DANIELS

The "ROCKIN'" label of Miami, Florida, was founded in October of 1957 by Henry Stone and Andy Reed. The initial releases were issued in December of 1957 and continued until August of September of 1961. At the end of 1961, a relationship was established with the nation of KING Records. "ROCKIN'" and the companion label, GERRY, were purchased by King in August of 1961 and the masters were used as jobs for the main label, KING label.

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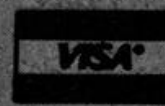
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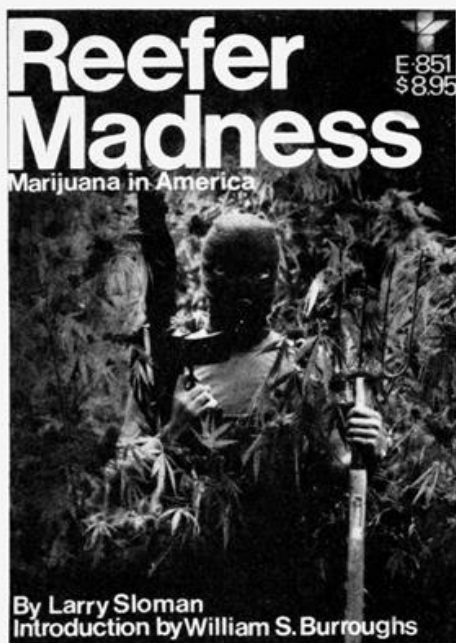
It'll Always Be Blues

The sweetest little music mag we've seen comes out of Haverhill, Mass., and goes under the name *Whiskey, Women, and...* Editor Daniel Kochakian and his crack staff of blues journalists set out on pilgrimages to locate obscure blues singers and old rhythm groups, then proceed to unfold their stories and careers. He even tracks down owners of defunct ballrooms to get at their private tapes (the mag has begun its own reissue record label). The result provides an insight into the massive and diverse history of black American blues, now enjoyed, studied and collected almost exclusively by white American Jews.

Sifting through recent copies, one encounters names like Doc Sausage, Little Mr. Midnight, Blue Smitty, Big Maceo Merriweather, Baby Face Leroy Foster—all of them stars of race record charts. Entire discographies of blues record companies appear, like Regal, Diving Duck, Spivey Records, Sittin' in, Rockin', Queen. Reprints of ads from these companies appear, from God knows what papers, along with pictures of the actual record labels, a trademark of *Whiskey, Women, and...* And what makes all this especially mouth-watering to us hardened editors at *HIGH TIMES*, is the solid editing and impeccable printing of this quarterly journal. They also land interviews with official heavyweights of the blues, like Lightnin' Hopkins, who they reached by phone before his death last year at age 70. "Six strings will be the backbone to hold the world up," said Lightnin'. "It'll always be blues."

A four-issue subscription to this unpretentious gem is available for \$10 from *Whiskey, Women, and...*, Daniel P. Kochakian, 39 Pine Ave., Haverhill, MA 01830.

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FLASHES

William Responds

/ continued from page 10

moral structure or strength of character you were left with from your childhood.

Most people didn't use those powers too wisely, and became various levels of magicians, black and white. And for a while Haight Street abounded with ripoff wizards, witches and warlocks. At the same time, people tripping in their old Victorian flats or made-over buses and vans were finding God in each other's eyes, and experiencing the kinds of apocalyptic visitations formerly thought confined to the ancient scriptures. And their lives were permanently and radically changed.

How could it be otherwise, once they had literally seen the Light? Once they had—just *once*—sat in a circle of friends or lovers and felt what could only be described as a Holy Spirit run through them and seen it manifested in psychedelic-paisley tongues of flame that set their hearts on fire. Who in his right mind, once having experienced something like that, could go back to the gas pump or the check-out counter and wait patiently for Friday's paycheck?

Innumerable forms of intentional communities, mystical group marriages, agglomerations of communion evolved explosively from those events. Very few survived for long. The element that catalyzed their being was highly volatile. The original Fire, for now, is only embers—but still alive.

If these guys will give me the space, I'll tell you about it later in more detail.

Ed. Note—*Tripped-out telepathy and "psychedelic-paisley tongues of flame" to the contrary, when William wrote the above he wasn't aware that the HIGH TIMES editorial department was already hard at work putting together the "Great Acid Issue." Look for it, coming soon.*

Due to the overactive imagination of a certain dipsomaniacal editor, the erroneous impression was created in "At Home with the Jaffras: HIGH TIMES Visits Lebanon's First Family of Hashish" (HIGH TIMES, May '83) that the Jaffra Family celebrated the assassination of Bashir Gemayel. We sincerely regret this distortion.

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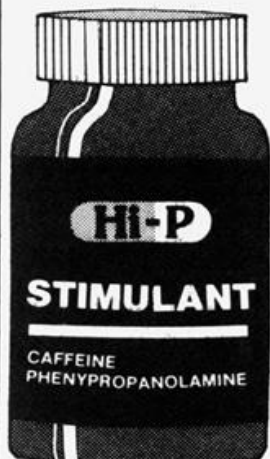
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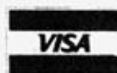
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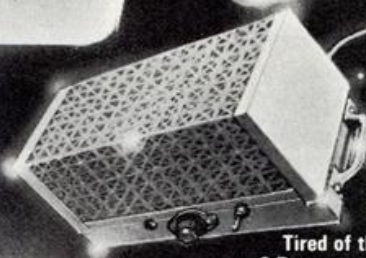


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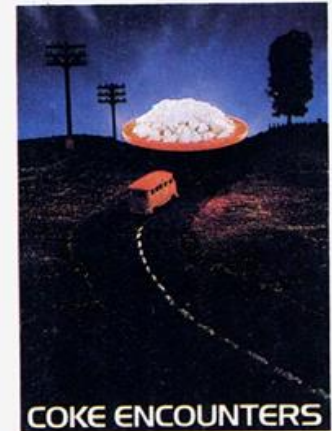


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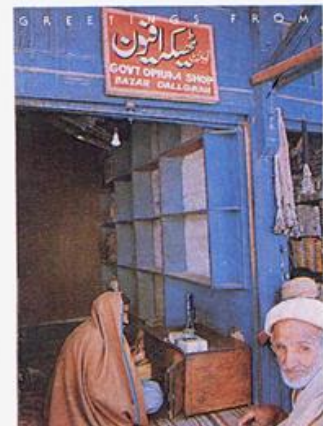
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BUMPER POT CROP EMBARRASSES DEA

U.S. OUTPUT VASTLY EXCEEDS AGENCY ESTIMATES



It took almost an entire day for authorities to incinerate 25,000 pounds of marijuana at this landfill site in Pierre, South Dakota. No downwind casualties were reported.

by Charles Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL." THAT WAS THE Drug Enforcement Administration's appraisal of its "Domestic Marihuana Eradication/Suppression Program" for 1982. They might as accurately have called it "wildly, unbelievably successful!" After all, by the time they finished totting up the figures from around the country, they found that law enforcement had *wiped out* a good deal more homegrown pot than they had ever admitted to be *in existence*. Small wonder, then, that DEA tried to keep the release of their report on this "success" as quiet as possible, since it reveals so starkly that—until recently, at least—they have been operating in pitiful ignorance of the domestic pot boom.

The document that contains these revelations is the Final Report of the DEA's Cannabis Investigations Section on the battle against grassroots American potgrowers in 1982. Though it is, for all intents and purposes, a public document, it seems to have been released rather reluctantly by the folks at Drug Enforcement. No press releases heralded its completion, and copies were not delivered with all due haste to concerned congressional offices. Instead, persons unknown "leaked" the report to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and other interested parties; and, according to sources on "the hill," DEA officials reacted with noticeable surprise when they learned

/ continued on page 25

NARC HOTLINE

T A C O M A, W A S H I N G T O N

THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION HAS ESTABLISHED a toll-free drug hotline for residents of the Pacific Northwest, "for people to call in case of anything suspicious, like large cash purchases of boats, can be reported." *Anything* suspicious. Are you suspicious that your next-door neighbor is beaming secret Defense Department information to the Russians out of the CB radio in his panel truck? Don't you suppose your local police chief might be on the take from drug gangsters? The toll-free number is 1-800-542-8661. Remember, the narcotics officer is your friend. **HT**

YOUTH SNITCHES ON PARENTS

AND THEY PRAISE HIM FOR IT!?

SPRING HILL, FLORIDA

IT HAPPENED HERE IN Spring Hill, but it could have happened anywhere in the United States where law enforcement is in charge of drug education.

The whole thing started when Sgt. Ed McConnell of the Hernando County Sheriff's Department delivered a "drug prevention" talk at Hernando Junior High School. In the course of his speech, McConnell advised anyone in his audience who knew anyone using marijuana to "do them a favor and call the sheriff, so they can get some help

before their drug problem goes too far."

A 12-year-old boy, raised to respect uniformed officers, took the message to heart. A few days later, while his parents were out of the house, this well-meaning youth discovered two neat joints, wrapped in plastic, while seeking out some Scotch tape in his parents' dresser drawer. Frightened, he called the Sheriff's Department dispatcher and reported that his "mom had some marijuana," according to John Wolf, a spokesman for the sheriff's office.

Sheriff's deputies interviewed the parents, who ex-

plained, more or less as follows: Some friends had given them the pot, and God knows they didn't want to offend their friends, so they kept it. Certainly they didn't ever plan to smoke the stuff. That sounded reasonable to the deputies, and they declined to press charges.

Later, speaking to the local media, Wolf said of the parents (whom he refused to identify), "They're good people. They were glad their son had called us. They told him he had done the right thing." If you believe that, you'll believe no Florida cops are on the take. **HT**

WHO

LEFT AN OCEAN-GOING TUG packed with 10,000 pounds of pot tied up to a pier in East Boston, and where did they go? That's what the Drug Enforcement Administration wants to know. A snitch, apparently working as an insider on this attempted smuggling operation, notified the DEA of the 108-foot tug's presence in Boston Harbor in late April, but by the time the narcs had secured a search warrant, the cast and crew had flown the coop. The DEA did not release the name of the boat, but noted that its home port was Savannah, Georgia—or so said the paint on the hull. **HT**

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THEY CAME OUT OF AFRICA!



NEW YORK CITY

SOMEONE IN THE TINY African republic of Togo is shipping venomous serpents and dangerous drugs to the United States, according to Customs inspectors at Kennedy International Airport. Customs snoops last spring happened to check out a huge 217-pound crate which had arrived on a Swissair cargo flight from Togo, and found inside it no fewer than 89 poisonous African vipers and pythons—all of them writhing over 17 pounds of Togolese marijuana. However, the weed had been packed into a false bottom underneath the cage of adders, so there was no danger of consumers possibly smoking African snake venom.

Seventeen pounds does exceed the rumored current minimum-bust limit at Kennedy Customs (said to be five kilos, or 11 pounds), so the inspectors staked out this pit

of snakes at a comfortable distance and waited for someone to come and claim it. The claimants turned out to be two Long Island men in their early 30s, who were busted for possession as soon as they laid hands on the merchandise.

While West African pot has been enjoying a vogue on the European continent the last few years, this Kennedy Customs "viper weed" is one of only a few instances of African producers working the North American market. Interestingly, one of the busted claimants, who runs a snake shop out of his Long Island home, had been bitten on the thumb by a nine-foot king cobra last fall while accepting a shipment at Kennedy. He was Medevaced to Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx—the only city hospital with snakebite facilities—and administered counteracting snake venom from the Bronx Zoo. He recovered quickly. **HT**

Mark Falls

U.S. WELCHES ON HUGE DOPE DEAL

WEST POINT, NEW YORK

A PROPOSED DEAL INVOLVING 10,000 pounds of Turkish morphine has been thwarted by the federal government—which succeeded in quashing this particular dope shipment simply by backing out of it.

Since World War II, the U.S. government has been under legal obligation to keep on hand at all times a three-year supply of morphine, and numerous other critical commodities that might be required in the event of a national catastrophe. Four years ago, it was discovered that a good deal of one of these emergency commodities—powdered Turkish opium—had been nipped out of the secret regional stash site near West Point. Erstwhile West Point congressman Benjamin Gilman (unseated in 1982) called loudly for an auditing of the General Services Administration (GSA), which is in charge of the stockpile program; and when it turned out that somehow the GSA had only 20,000 pounds of morphine on hand, to serve a nation of 220,000,000 (or their survivors, at least, after a nuke contest), the feds resolved to beef up their supply of this very important narcotic-analgesic. They contracted with the government of Turkey to buy up 10,000 more pounds of the stuff, toward an ideal permanent U.S. stockpile of 100,000 pounds.

Ten thousand pounds of morphine represents the production of well over 100,000 pounds of raw opium. Therefore, the Turks were very happy with the contract, and expanded Anatolian poppy production considerably, to hold up their end of the bargain. The GSA, however, unilaterally dropped its end of the bargain early last spring, just as all those opium poppies were beginning to poke up all over Anatolia. Word came down from the very top

of the Reagan administration—from National Security Council *jefe* William Clark himself—that the United States was not interested, after all, in buying all that dope.

This prompted something like a power battle, since both the State Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration were very much in favor of the morphine buy. The State Department was worried about straining relations with Turkey's temperamental junta, who would surely be incensed at losing the morphine contract. And the DEA was very concerned about these 100,000-plus pounds of extra opium that the Turkish growers would be stuck with, by the end of April, since they'd be almost certain to unload it onto the illicit market. It would only make for 1,000 pounds of pure heroin, but that would still be a very significant addition to the Mafia's inventory.

Nevertheless, the NSC's decision prevailed, and the deal was off. While William Clark offered no reason for the decision himself (the nation's top spook is not obliged to do this), the Federal Emergency Management Agency came up with several unlikely excuses. The best



A Turkish peasant demonstrates the technique for collecting the gum from an opium poppy. If the United States does not buy his opium, it will almost certainly reach the illicit market.

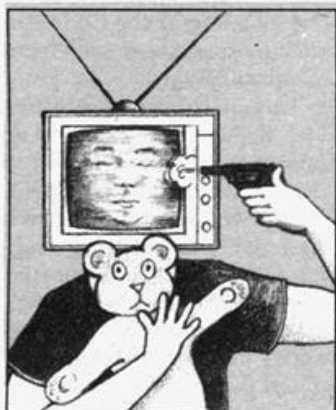
one, from a top agency official who requested anonymity, was that people might believe the United States was stashing away morphine in preparation for pushing the nuclear button. "A lot of people out there think we're preparing to fight a nuclear war," he told the press. "But we are not." Anyhow, agency sources observed, even if the GSA *did* have 100,000 pounds of morphine sulfate on hand when the mushrooms started erupting,

there are no realistic plans for getting it to the "survivors" after the nuking stops.

Other insiders suggest that morphine, and painkillers in general, are simply getting short shrift in the feds' survivalist schemes. The GSA's stockpilers are said to be more interested in accumulating things like cobalt, which is used in making jet engines, and other important elements of nuclear-warhead delivery systems. **HT**

TEEN TV ADDICT TAKES OWN LIFE

BRENTWOOD, CALIFORNIA



Valerie Gale Munson

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Genaro Garcia took his own life here, in late January, unable to cope with the pain of withdrawal from TV addiction. The boy, a student at Edna Hill Intermediate School, had taken to claiming illness and remaining in his room, day in and day out, staring at the tube. Finally, his father removed the televi-

sion set from the room, promising to return it when Genaro gave up his hypochondria and returned to school.

Despondent, the boy searched out his father's stored .38-caliber revolver and cartridges, took them to his room and loaded the gun. He then wrote the following suicide note: "In my heart I will take my TV with me. I love you." That done, he raised the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. **HT**

'COKE QUEEN' BUSTED IN COLOMBIA

by Julio Restrepo

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA

"SHE IS CUNNING, EVIL and—without doubt—brave. *Que mujer!*" So exulted a Colombian narc for the press, after the daring midnight raid that pulled Veronica Rivera de Vargas out of her opulent bed and chucked her in the top-security Buen prison up near Bogotá. The cops could not say with a straight face that Senora Rivera, 40, was the most beautiful "Queen of Cocaine" ever to earn the title on a police blotter, but they embellished the incident with a surfeit of romantic detail.

Veronica Rivera, they said, actually was sleeping with her head on a plastic pillow of pure cocaine when the cops broke into her boyfriend's gorgeous hacienda, far out in the Andean foothills. The location of her boyfriend at the time was undisclosed, but the cops revealed with posi-

tive relish that his rightful wife had been sleeping in a single bedroom, to which she had removed herself when this Other Woman, this Queen of Cocaine, entered her hubby's love life.

Besides Veronica, the cops pulled 132 kilograms of kitchen-fresh toot out of this place, and helicoptered them all up

dearly like to see Veronica Rivera de Vargas's name on a tombstone.

Veronica's career in the Colombian dope trade began early on, when she married into one of the main marijuana-exporting families of the Atlantic Coast, up in Santa Marta Department. She had a good head for busi-

ness, it seems, and eventually became a top policy-maker for her in-laws' hereditary mafia. It was Veronica, everyone says, who shrewdly forecast, at the peak of the *marimba* boom in the mid '70s, that hard times lay ahead for Colombian marijuana exporters. The U.S.

market was being glutted with Colombian *fume*, prices were dropping and, worst of all, the *Norteamericanos* were beginning to cultivate superior weed from the Rockies to the Smokies. So it was Veronica's shrewd decision to pretty much abandon the business of raising weed in Santa Marta. Instead, the family began growing coca on their extensive landing holds in Santander Department, further inland. In addition, she began organizing peasant coca growers, compelling them to send their leaf strictly to her refineries for extraction into cocaine.

Her power was not gained bloodlessly, of course. In 1977 Veronica had to have the daughter of another Santa Marta drug baron kidnapped, and held in a very unpleasant place until her dad coughed up some enormous, long-past-due dope debt. Once he had his *muchachita* safe at home, of course, this drug baron had Veronica's husband and all his bodyguards blown away in a Bogotá nightclub; so Veronica greased the guy's mother on her own doorstep, and before it was all over, some 20 people had been wasted. After that, Veronica took up more or less permanent residence in the wilds around Santander.

But now she's in jail, the same prison that is host to a whole lot of rival dope dealers whom Veronica helped put there—and a lot of members of her own gangs who got busted in years gone by, and whom she neglected to decently bribe out. Though she successfully got herself out of the hard times that have hit the Colombian *fume* industry, by switching to coke in advance, times are very tough indeed nowadays for Veronica Rivera. **HT**

They said she was sleeping on a pillow of pure cocaine.

to Bogotá, where the coke went into the custody of the federal narc bureau, and Veronica went into the Buen slam. Immediately, her lawyers began to clamor to have her transferred to some less perilous location; for the Buen prison is chock-full of other dope dealers who would

ness, it seems, and eventually became a top policy-maker for her in-laws' hereditary mafia. It was Veronica, everyone says, who shrewdly forecast, at the peak of the *marimba* boom in the mid '70s, that hard times lay ahead for Colombian marijuana exporters. The U.S.

HIGH COURT BACKS BEEPER USE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"WE HAVE NEVER equated police efficiency with unconstitutionality," Justice William Rehnquist of the Supreme Court primly wrote, "and we will not do so now."

So now a person named Knotts goes to jail, along with a lot of other people who've been tracked down by the police with the aid of electronic transponder beepers. In the case of *U.S. v. Knotts*, some Minnesota narcs planted a beeper in a drum of chloroform (with the chloroform maker's permission), and followed the vehicle onto which the drum was loaded, tracking the beep electronically. They lost the signal once the van plunged deep into the woods, up a series of dirt

tracks; but by scouting the area with a helicopter, they picked up the signal again and traced it to an isolated cabin. The place turned out to be stocked with plenty of lab gear, glassware and precursor chemicals for making methamphetamine. So Knotts was busted for crystal crank.

"Nothing in the Fourth Amendment,"—the search-and-seizure amendment—"prohibited the police from augmenting the sensory facilities bestowed on them at birth with such enhancement as science and technology have afforded them in this case," Rehnquist wrote for the Court. And he added, "A person traveling in an automobile on public thoroughfares has no reasonable expectation of privacy in his movements from one place to

another."

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit thus sustained a rebuke to their opinion, which had been that the narcs should have gotten a search warrant before planting the beeper and tracking it. But Rehnquist decreed that this beeper trace was "neither a search nor a seizure" after the meaning of the Constitution; merely a high-tech form of surveillance.

Though the decision to convict Knotts was unanimous, four of the justices refused to put their names to Rehnquist's written opinion, which was rather broad and sweeping. The Knotts case was just one individual case, Associate Justice Harry Blackmun noted in a separate opinion, not a pattern for all beeper cases. **HT**

STARCH-BLOCKER MYTH DEBUNKED

MADISON, WISCONSIN

STARCH BLOCKERS DON'T block starch in the least, researchers for the University of Wisconsin's Center for Health Sciences have determined. It's a good thing they don't block starch, too, because if they *did* work as billed, the result would be a lot of odious flatulence and diarrhea among people who use them to try to lose weight.

Commercial starch blockers, glycoprotein compounds derived from kidney beans and sold as weight-reducing tablets, were selling to the tune of 10-million tabs per week when the Food and Drug Administration banned them last spring. The FDA did so because, they said, the idea of "starch blocking" was most likely a total fraud; and if the pills *did* do the job, they could seriously disrupt users' digestions. The federal ban was deeply resented by overweight people and there are rumors of a developing illicit trade in black-market starch blockers. The U.W. report, by Drs. Gerald Carlson and Ulysses Li in *Science* magazine, ought to put a crimp in the demand, however.

The starch-blocker myth is a classic example of how drug reactions that occur in test tubes don't necessarily occur in the human body. In vitro lab tests consistently show that kidney-bean glycoproteins reduce the breakdown of starch particles by inhibiting the action of the starch-eating pancreatic hormone alpha-amylase. If starch can be blocked from breaking down in the digestive tract, the theory went, then the starch oughtn't to be absorbed into the blood, but pass straight through the body. The result, if it worked, would be a diminished accumulation of starch in the body; and thus fat people would lose weight, even while enjoying their usual high-

starch meals and snacks.

To see if this worked in human beings as well as it does in a test tube, Carlson and Li used six healthy male volunteers of ordinary body size. Each was simply fed a skinless baked potato and a large glass of Libby's tomato juice—41 grams of starch, precisely—first thing in the morning, after a supervised 10-hour fast, on two separate mornings. Into each meal was mixed either the strongest available commercial starch blocker, or an inert placebo. Each subject received the placebo for one meal and the starch blocker for the other,

and thus served as his own control.

Blood and breath measurements were then taken, to determine if the glycoprotein had actually inhibited the uptake of starch into the body. If it had done so, blood levels of glucose and insulin would be lower than normal after a high-starch meal; and if unabsorbed starch had accumulated in the lower colon for elimination, breath levels of hydrogen would increase significantly over the next six hours, as the starch fermented.

None of these factors—glucose, insulin or hydrogen—were altered in the slightest,

however, despite the fact that the subjects had been fed *twice* the recommended dose of glycoprotein starch blocker.

The failure of glycoproteins to block starch breakdown in the belly, even though they do so in test tubes, may have to do with the presence of gastric acids in the stomach; acids tend to deactivate proteins, the researchers point out. And it's probably just as well, or there would have been a lot of farting and trots among the fat people who were popping more than 10-million starch-blocker tabs every week before the FDA stepped in. **HT**

TAKE FEVERFEW FOR FAST RELIEF

LONDON, ENGLAND



IN THE UNITED STATES, the plant is called "bachelor's button" (*Centaurea cyanus*), and no one, besides a few much-learned herbalists, seems to know of its very special properties. In England it's called "feverfew," though, and the country folk have been using it since time out of mind (it's mentioned in Shakespeare) to alleviate sundry ailments and maladies. Now scientists working with the City of London Migraine Clinic have discovered some extraordinary, and possibly unique, pharmacological elements in this ancient headache cure and "tonic."

"Feverfew" is a corruption

of the Latin word "febrifuge," or fever-reliever, suggesting that the medicinal use of this herb may date as far back as the Roman occupation, before A.D. 400. The Greeks, even earlier, obviously knew of it; they called it *Pyrethrum parthenium*, possibly because it grew around the Parthenon, and its root has a hot taste ("pyre" is Greek for "heat").

All parts of the herb appear to have marked and beneficial pharmacological properties. It's a perennial bush, about two feet high, which blooms in summer with lots of little daisylike flowers, yellow buttons with white petals. The stalk is hairy, and the plant exudes a strong, bitter smell.

Medicinally, the country folk usually brew feverfew in tea to alleviate headaches and reduce fever. This now makes scientific sense, since Dr. Stewart Johnson of King's College here, working for the Migraine Center, has isolated three ingredients from feverfew which, he says, work to block the production of "prostaglandins" in the body. Prostaglandins are natural body hormones which, when overproduced in the blood, cause headache, inflamma-

tion, swelling and allergic reactions, and are thought to be involved with arthritis, rheumatism and neuralgic pain. Aspirin relieves pain and inflammation by blocking prostaglandin production, and so do many other things—including marijuana.

Like marijuana, feverfew may well have psychoactive effects, besides blocking prostaglandins. Herbalists typically recommend it for "hysterical complaints, nervousness and lowness of spirits" as a "tonic." After tracking down 300 Britons who use feverfew in traditional recipes, Dr. Johnson found that "over forty percent experienced pleasant side effects, including a sense of well-being [and] lack of tension." After examining 27 long-term users of feverfew, Johnson reported no obvious ill effects.

The precise chemical nature and structure of these unique medicinal chemicals in feverfew are a matter of some curiosity. Dr. Johnson hasn't spoken much about them in detail, perhaps partly because he's applied for a patent to synthesize them, for eventual merchandising as patented pain relievers. **HT**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

DRUGS FLAP HEATS UP IN HALLS OF CONGRESS

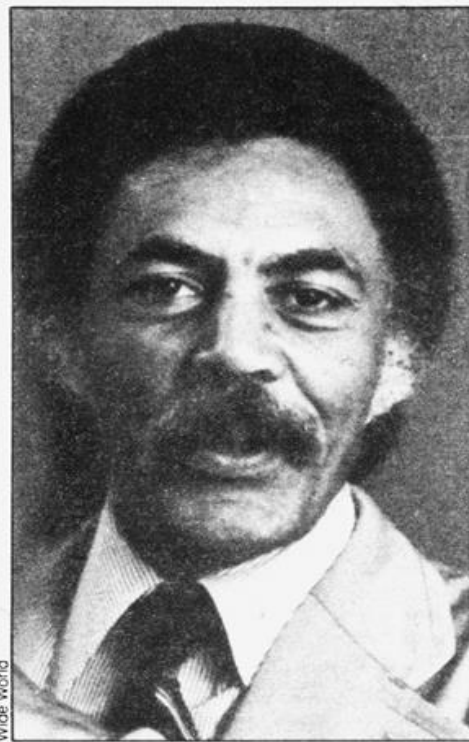
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE UPROAR OVER ALLEGED USE OF drugs by elected officials and their employees seems destined to grow louder here, even though the special staff of the House Ethics Committee investigating these matters was recently dealt a slight setback. Attorneys in the special section had recommended a probationary sentence for a former House employee who was providing information in the ongoing investigation, but federal magistrate Arthur Burnett handed him a prison term anyway.

Robert Yesh, formerly assistant manager of the House Democratic cloakroom, was sentenced to one year for drug dealing on April 16, after pleading guilty, presumably in exchange for a recommendation of leniency. The fact that Burnett failed to completely cooperate with the investigators in sentencing Yesh may serve to make Yesh less cooperative in the future, but he had already coughed up substantial information on dope dealing in the hallowed halls of Congress.

At the sentencing, U.S. Atty. Daniel Bernstein said for the record that, had the case gone to trial, the prosecution would have proven that Yesh dealt pot and coke to Rep. Ron Dellums (D-Cal.), and to his aide John Apperson. According to Bernstein, Yesh's admission of dealings with Dellums and Apperson was substantiated by two lie-detector tests.

At this writing, no one in the Ethics Committee's special drugs section will say anything at all about anticipated actions against Dellums and Apperson, and both men have denied the allegations. All of this could, of course, threaten Dellums's control over the eighth-district California seat, but his constituency is probably as accepting of recreational drug use as any group of voters in the country. The district includes the city of Berkeley, a perennial bastion of political radicalism and liberal lifestyles, and the north Oakland ghetto that spawned the Black Panther movement. And whatever



Rep. Ron Dellums

Dellums's personal indulgences may be, he has always voted in accordance with the Left-liberal sentiments of his area.

At this point, there is much speculation on the hill over what other tales of cloakroom contraband Yesh may have told the Ethics Committee investigators, or the Drug Enforcement Administration. Like other small-time drug dealers, who "cooperate" in exchange for lighter sentences, he probably told as little as he could to cut his deal, but there can be little doubt that hill workers, at every level, are quaking in their Florsheims. It is an ironic fact that most young Washington staffers move in a social scene where the recreational use of marijuana and cocaine is accepted—even though it is considered extremely impolitic to advocate the liberalization of drug laws. **HT**

Highwitness News always needs new leads on stories from around the country. Send news clippings on busts, scandals and events of interest to: News Department, HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

/ continued from page 19

that copies of the report were circulating outside of agency headquarters.

In the summary that introduces the report, the authors state, with apparent astonishment, that "in 1982, 38 percent more domestic marihuana was *eradicated* than was previously *believed to exist*" (DEA's italics). Glossing over what this obviously implies about previous cannabis intelligence, the writers note optimistically, in conclusion, that this new information will allow them to begin the 1983 pot war "on a solid conceptual foundation."

The federal dope agency's most recent previous estimate of U.S. pot production had been 1,200 metric tons (1,000 kilos)—a figure rendered ludicrous by the *eradication*, claimed for 1982, of 1,653 metric tons. DEA has usually guessed that it manages to interdict only about 10 percent of the weed headed for the marketplace. By that formula, the total U.S. crop should come out to about 16,530 metric tons (18,183 tons), or almost 14 times what the DEA's "experts" thought it was.

All of this has been the source of some glee at the offices of NORML in Washington. You see, NORML and DEA have been waging a war of numbers for years now, with DEA pundits claiming that domestic grass farmers produce only about 7 percent of the pot consumed here annually—the rest being imported, mainly from Colombia and Jamaica. Meanwhile, NORML set the U.S. output at about 20 percent of consumption in 1981, and raised that to "about a third" in '82. Now, says NORML's national director George Farnham, "We believe a majority of the pot smoked in the U.S. is grown here."



Whenever DEA flak-catchers were asked to explain the extreme disparity between their figures and NORML's, they simply argued that NORML unscrupulously inflated its estimates to make the domestic pot industry seem uncontrollable. If NORML could convince the public that that much grass was actually being grown in this country, DEA spokespersons sagely noted, then they could make it appear that law enforcement was fighting a losing battle against an irresis-

/ continued on next page

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tible tide. It would seem now that DEA's own statistics, which make NORML's look conservative, have proven the pot-lobbyists' point.

Of course, narc agencies around the country *did not*, in fact, eradicate 1,653 metric tons of pot last year. Here, according to the cannabis section's report, is how they came up with that figure: The total number of plants uprooted last year, by the counts of the individual states, was 2,590,388. Approximately 40 percent of these were determined to be sinsemilla. Quite arbitrarily, then, DEA assumed that every sinse plant would produce two pounds of marketable buds, and that every unsexed bush would yield one pound of street weed. Every solitary seedling and greenhouse shoot, they projected, would conform to this formula. Finally, using their handy desk calculators, they deduced that the seized crop *would have* matured into 1,653 metric tons of salable dope. Considering the tendency of police to exaggerate their seizures when taking public credit for busts, this total is, no doubt, inflated; and NORML's estimate of an 8,000- to 10,000-ton crop is probably still the most accurate available.

The Silver Lining

But, while the new DEA stats were momentarily embarrassing for DEA, they can be expected to provide substantial ammunition for the agency's future budget requests. One Capitol Hill insider told HIGH TIMES, "If the DEA, for some reason, doesn't have the savvy to raise it, there are hosts of congressmen who will." He added that he wouldn't expect anyone in Congress to object to a tenfold increase in DEA's allocation for eradication.

In 1982, the federal narcotics spent less than a million dollars (\$923,340) for domestic eradication. The vast majority of this (\$843,340) was distributed to states and U.S. territories to subsidize the costs of their eradication efforts, with the largest grants going to California, Oregon, Florida and Kentucky. Another \$30,000 was spent on training 120 narcs from 22 states in aerial identification of marijuana fields. The remaining \$50,000 covered the cost of DEA overflights, provided as a service to various states.

The cannabis section's report for '82 contains some indications of how additional funds will be used if DEA is given a larger appropriation for eradication next year. Most of the money will continue to be distributed to various participating states. Only 24 states applied for assistance via this program last year, but most of the remaining 26 can be expected to try for a piece of the action in '83 and '84. Overflights promise to remain the principal means of detecting pot patches: The report notes that DEA's Office of Science and Technology experimented with "sens-

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ing and photographic devices" from "aerial platforms" (probably Landsat satellites and U-2 aircraft) in '82, but did not find them "cost effective." The agency hopes, however, to make extensive use, this year, of the "Loran C navigational system," a gimmick that helps "aerial observers" pinpoint fields, and thus provides information for search warrants. Another gadget now in the development stage, according to the report, is a "survivable radio beacon" that can be dropped from a plane into a grass garden, and will emit a constant signal for narcs to home in on. Finally, a DEA goal, emphasized in the report, is the broader participation in the eradication effort of state regiments of the National Guard: only in Hawaii, Arkansas and New Mexico was the Guard active in the '82 campaign.

The Pot War and the Media

One of the more interesting passages of the report is titled "Public Awareness and Press Relations." Here, the authors brag of certain "materials" that have been composed "for use as public statements or talks to public officials and citizens' groups such as the PTA, fraternal orders, clubs, churches, etc." Among these materials is a videotape, now nearing completion, "which documents the seriousness of the domestic marijuana problem and highlights law-enforcement efforts against it." Watch your local papers for times and locations of this certain-to-be-fascinating media event.

It is further noted that statements by President Reagan and Atty. Gen. William French Smith on "priorities for suppression have had a positive effect in the field." The final words of this section of the report should put to rest any doubt that public opinion on marijuana is orchestrated from Washington. It reads: "More public statements are needed in the spring to prepare the press and enlist public support for the 1983 campaign. These statements need to come from prominent figures at all levels of government."

These "public statements" are, no doubt, already being heard across the land, and most of them include some reference to the "increasing violence" associated with marijuana agriculture. The cannabis section's Final Report contains some interesting statistics in this regard: In the course of raiding 4,657 pot plots and arresting 2,512 "subjects," America's narcs confiscated only 785 weapons. That means they found a gun—or some sort of weapon—in only 17 percent of the raids, or 31 percent of the arrests. According to the National Rifle Association, 57 percent of the households in rural America own firearms; so it would seem that pot farmers are much less prepared to defend their property with guns than are most rural Americans. **HT**

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MEXICAN INVASION!

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Everybody knew it was going to happen sooner or later, but it still came as a shock. Colombian *marimba*, the undisputed standard of the industry, the Ford of the national stash, has relinquished its decade-long reign to a former title holder—Mexican marijuana. The word hasn't reached Possum Breath yet (does it ever?), but in many of the major marketplaces Mexican reefer accounts for up to 75 percent of the market.

Just two years ago, there was such a glut of Colombian pot that prices on commercial grades dipped as low as \$200 a pound. So much pot was warehoused around the eastern seaboard that ongoing deals had to be scuttled to avoid adding to the surfeit. Credit lines were so long that anyone with a laundry bag could walk away from a safe house with half a bale, on consignment.

With fully loaded shrimp-boats gridlocking Miami-area harbors, it wasn't long before President Reagan's "war on drugs" interrupted the Colombian supply route. Radar, citizens patrols, high-tech communications systems, well-paid informants—the Man threw everything he had into the fray. Smugglers who would rather run than fight a losing battle, simply went underground, only to resurface in Mexico.

This is a new breed of smuggler, a far cry from the long-shot artists of the '60s Mexican run, the camper and hubcap experts, who sneaked through busy highway customs. Much of the activity today involves people who live and work in Mexico, at least during the cultivation season, with other Americans or Mexicans they hire to do the growing.

Not surprisingly, this new generation of Mexican pot is much improved. For the most part, the marijuana that came out of Mexico until 1973, when the trade began to shift to Colombia, was little more than wild, uncultivated, heavily seeded, roadside weed that, more often than not, sat around six months or longer in some farmer's shed waiting for hippie tourists to come by looking for smoke. No more. The pot that comes out of Mexico today, destined for the big city markets, is highly cultivated and refined; seeds are imported from the Mid East, Asia and Africa. One

weirdo crossbreed is "Mexithai": Mexican grown from Thai seeds. Remarkably, this pot looks so similar to its Thai progenitor that it has been palmed off frequently as the real McCoy. Only a highly trained eye can tell the difference.

Colombian used to demand a higher price than Mexican, simply because any given Colombian pot was better than almost any given Mexican pot. This is no longer the case. Mexican sinsemillas, while not yet up to the level of most U.S. domestic sinse, largely because of watering problems, are now much stronger than all but the beefiest Colombians. And they don't have that maddening seed count that plagues great Colombians, sometimes accounting for up to a third of the weight. A half pound of Mexican sinse fills a Baggie that would hold a whole pound of Colombian.

Even so, prices have tumbled recently on the Mexican front, though they do tend to vacillate. At first, Mexican varieties were grouped with the "mid-range sinse"—those that ran from around \$1,000 to \$1,200 a pound. But prices have steadily dropped, and only the very finest Mexican pots will fetch that much. They now go for around \$800 or \$900. The price of Colombian, meanwhile, has inflated steadily with the drought brought on by Reagan's drug war. This spring, when the seasonal harvest glut would ordinarily have seen a price-drop, the cost of a pound of top-notch, gold Colombian climbed to the unprecedented high of \$800. Even thick-skinned, veteran dealers were chilled when they saw bales with such price tags.

But while Mexican pot has proven itself an able market competitor—fluffier, stronger and, some might say, prettier than Colombian—there remains a strong core of *marimba* fanciers, who, like lifetime Ford drivers, will never switch. There is something about the smell, taste and high of great Colombian, something classic and solid, that the vagaries of the market will never affect.

A generation of smokers has grown up with Colombian, and for them, it will always be the *only* pot. Sinsemilla may be stronger, but gin is also stronger than fine French wine.

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TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



CANADA

Commercial Colombian	a trickle	oz	65-85
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	700-800
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
Mexican tops	making the rounds	lb	1100-1200
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	oz	325-350
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	lb	2800-3600
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	50-85
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	lb	450-650
Hash	red Leb	gm	15
LSD	blots from England	oz	260
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	lb	15
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	oz	3250

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial domestic	usual strong	oz	2-5
Colombian hash	supply forgettable	lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	lb	100-225
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	5000-6000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	kilo	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	kilo	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200
		oz	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		kilo	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
Cocaine base	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	gm	2-4
		oz	40-60
		gm	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb	175
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	lb	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	250
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	gm	20
		ea	175
		ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality mesh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	160
		lb	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, fummy	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	oz	175-200
Thai sticks	commercial grade	gm	10
Philippine pot	legal, kind of homemade	oz	175-200
Ups & downs		gm	250-300
Moonshine		one	25
		oz	50-75
		100	5
		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Sweetwater, Va.	last fall's sinse, well kept	lb	1800
Ojai, Cal.	indoor sinse, okay, but pale	oz	200
Lexington, Mass.	Jamaican sinse, super	oz	125
Creedmore, N.Y.	'ludes, apparently real	ea	20
Peoria, Ill.	Leb hash, rock hard	gm	7
Santa Cruz, Cal.	symbol acid, black and gold	ea	3.5
Milwaukee	crystal meth, biker-supplied	gm	85
Indianapolis	Mex reefer, seeded	oz	45
Portland, Ore.	'shrooms, spring harvest, fresh	oz	12
Miami	lbs 'merch, often wet, speedily cured	100's	14,000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	warehoused, often well, off-season treat	oz	175-275
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	lb	1800-3000
Top-grade Mexican	horse-cock-size buds	oz	35-60
Mexican sinsemilla	good and plenty	lb	375-535
Jamaican	a few erratic good, badly trimmed	oz	50-75
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	lb	500-850
Commercial Colombian	keep looking	oz	115-135
Thai sticks	sticks like stumps	lb	1200-1500
Loose Thai	some in heavy timber	oz	35-45
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	lb	375-450
Moroccan hash	dry, split slabs	oz	70-100
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	lb	700-1000
Black Afghani hash	gov't seal	oz	45-65
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	475-625
Psilocybin mushrooms	in season in Fla. & Ore., go get 'em	oz	10-25
Peyote	crusty, heady	oz	180-225
LSD	many varieties	lb	175-250
Cocaine	prices dipping, big supply	oz	1650-2200
Methaqualone	best boots in the West	lb	235-300
Crosses and black beads	erratic	oz	2700-3200
Meth-amphetamine	costly as coke	gm	125
Alaska	shake city	oz	500
Commercial Colombian	'tis the season	lb	110-140
Domestic sinsemilla	most available	oz	900-1100
Mexican weed	immigrant flow	lb	140-190
Mainland sinsemilla	timberland	oz	1550-2000
Thai sticks	big mover	lb	165
Lebanese hash	are you shitting me?	oz	1600-1900
Cocaine	blots	oz	140-160
LSD	bootkickers	lb	1650
Methaqualone		oz	5-10
		one	3-5
		100	150-300
		gm	100-200
		1/2	325-400
		oz	1850-2850
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200
		gm	75-110
		oz	50-65
		lb	550-650
		1/4 oz	50
		oz	200
		lb	50-65
		oz	500-600
		oz	225-300
		lb	2000-2750
		one	20
		lb	2400-2650
		gm	10
		oz	130-200
		oz	100-175
		gm	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350
		oz	225-275
		lb	2200-2750
		oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
		oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
		oz	225-275
		lb	2400-3000
		one	2-4
		free	2
		gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

AMYL, BUTYL AND ISOBUTYL NITRITE

CHARGES

Inhalation of these substances can cause fainting, heartbeat irregularities and asphyxiation. There is a danger that "poppers" may explode, and inflict severe burns and cuts. Death has been caused by nitrites. Inhalation can bring on painful headaches. Nitrites produce changes in blood chemistry.

NATURE AND USE

The alkyl nitrites are aliphatic esters of nitrous acid. Although these include numerous others that have similar effects and abuse potential, the most frequently used as intoxicants are amyl, butyl and isobutyl nitrite.¹ Originally available without a prescription at drugstores, they were packaged as crushable inhalers. These "poppers" are medically used to relieve angina pectoris or heart-related chest pains, and for the treatment of cyanide poisoning. In the former, the nitrites work by dilating blood vessels near the heart so that more blood can get to the heart. Nitroglycerin—ordinarily not an intoxicant—is also used for this purpose. In the treatment of cyanide poisoning, amyl nitrite changes the hemoglobin in blood to methemoglobin, which combines with cyanide and keeps it from doing cellular damage within the body.² Since the 1960s, these nitrites have been marketed as "room odorizers."

The primary effect of these drugs is the relaxation of all smooth muscles in the body, including smooth muscle in blood vessels. This may allow a greater flow of oxygenated blood to the brain, or may decrease the flow. The effects of inhalation last about 30 seconds; blood pressure reaches its lowest point in 30 seconds, and returns to normal at 90 seconds. On inhalation, there

AKA: Nitrites, poppers, snappers, bananas, rush, liquid incense, etc., including a wide variety of commercial names.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

is a distinct "rush" similar to that experienced on inhaling nitrous oxide—a related substance. This rush may be followed by severe headaches. Tolerance to this side effect increases rapidly with use of the drug, however. The relaxation of blood vessels can cause a distinct flushing of the neck and face. Some swelling is possible as well.

The recent popularity of these drugs results from their reputation as aphrodisiacs, substances that in some way improve sexual performance or enjoyment. To gain this effect, the nitrites are usually inhaled just before orgasm. The reported intensification and prolongation of orgasm may be an illusion, however. The rush, involving dizziness and giddiness, may cause a reduction of social and sexual inhibitions along with a time distortion. This combination may lead to a sense of prolonged orgasm in both men and women. On the other hand, increased flow of blood to sexual organs may well increase sensitivity to sexual activity, and some homosexual men have reported that the collateral relaxation of the anal sphincter (made of smooth muscle tissue) facilitates certain forms of sexual activity.³

After many complaints that these drugs were being "abused," the Food and Drug Administration returned amyl nitrite poppers to prescription status in 1969. Since that

time, sales of nitrite-based "room odorizers" with such names as "Locker Room," "Rush" and "Heart On" have increased dramatically. Butyl nitrite and amyl nitrite exert exactly identical pharmacological effects.

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Tolerance to the physiological effects of the nitrites occurs rapidly and can be pronounced within a few weeks. This tolerance is lost within a few days after suspending use, leaving the user vulnerable again to severe headaches following resumed use. Excessive use may result in nitrite poisoning or excessive methemoglobinemia. Symptoms of this may include severe vomiting, cyanosis (blue-tinged lips and skin), shock or unconsciousness. Blood-vessel dilation may bring about a sudden drop in blood pressure and loss of consciousness, especially if one gets up quickly after inhaling the drug. An increase in heart rate and palpitations make nitrites risky for anyone with heart problems.⁴ Breathing any inhalant over a period of time and with restricted or nonexistent ventilation can cause oxygen deprivation, asphyxiation and possibly death.

There have been isolated reports of persons sustaining myocardial infarctions (heart attacks) after the blood-pressure drop associated with nitrite inhalation, but no fatali-

ties have been recorded. The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta is investigating the possibility that inhalant nitrites (along with many other elements of the gay lifestyle) may possibly contribute to the development of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), but there is no scientific indication whatsoever of any such relationship at this time. A long-standing statistical link has been known between nitrite compounds in general and the development of certain forms of cancer, but its relevance to occasional nitrite users is unknown; this nitrite-to-cancer link is most commonly associated with regular ingestion of food preservatives and other chemical additives.

FIRST-AID PLUS

The headaches after nitrite inhalation are short-lived and disappear with abstinence. Overdose on the nitrites requires that adequate respiration and cardiac blood-flow be maintained. Occasionally, cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) is required. When a person passes out from the sudden blood-pressure drop, standard hypotensive therapy—such as simply elevating the feet higher than the head to promote a return of blood to the brain—will ordinarily suffice.

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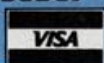
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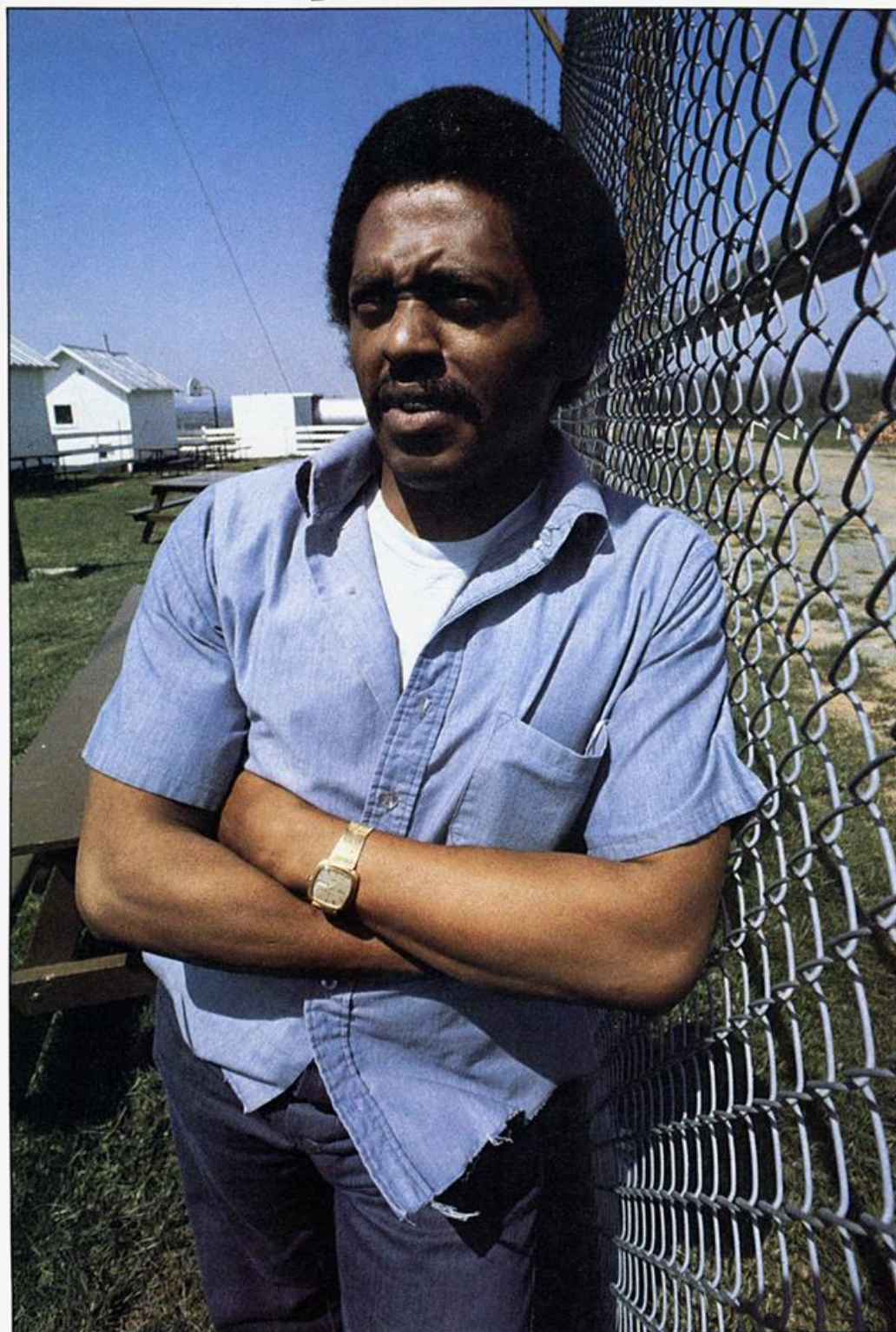
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ROGER DAVIS

Roger Davis was sentenced to 40 years for 8 ounces of marijuana. Cruel and unusual, you say? The Supreme Court didn't think so.

by Bob LaBrasca



What happened to Roger Davis is more often remembered than his name. It was Davis who was sentenced, back in 1974, to 40 years in prison for crimes involving about half a pound of pot, and whose sentence, last year, was allowed to stand by the United States Supreme Court. His story is a sad and surreal testimony to the kind of arbitrary and discriminatory law enforcement that is a natural by-product of the unenforceable prohibition against marijuana.

Roger Trenton Davis was one of eight children born to a poor, black family in Wythe County, Virginia. His father died, the apparent victim of racist violence, before Roger was in his teens. (The killer was placed on probation for his crime.) He grew up in a segregated educational system, but with the advent of desegregation, was transferred to a predominantly white high school. Thereafter, he began hanging out with white kids, dating white girls and was openly defiant of the racist traditions of southwestern Virginia. Handsome, personable and athletic, he developed a reputation for attracting white, female admirers, and further antagonized the small-town power structure of Wytheville by becoming a visible figure in the rapidly developing "hippie" street scene. His fate was sealed, perhaps, when he married a white woman from the area. Most of those who have supported Roger Davis throughout his long struggle with the law believe he has been punished not for dealing in drugs, but for being an uppity black "pied piper."

His first felony bust came in 1973 for selling four doses of LSD to a free-lance snitch named Freddie Jones. Roger was convicted, though no direct contact between him and Jones was ever demonstrated in court, and sentenced to five years by Judge R. William Arthur. During this time, Arthur made a practice of handing down lengthy terms for first-time drug offenders in the apparent hope of teaching the local flower children a hard lesson. Davis appealed his conviction and went free, for the time being.

Photography • Peter Hudson

Several months later, in October of the same year, one Danny Ray Eads was released from Bland Correctional Farm with the understanding that he would serve as a drug informant. Eads was a pathetic figure who had been serving five years for a gas-station burglary. While in the state pen, he had been gang-raped by blacks and had tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists. He would later admit, while testifying against Roger Davis, that he'd have done "anything" to get out of prison. What he did do was drive, on the very day of his release, to the Davis house in Wythe County, where he allegedly purchased four ounces of pot from Roger for \$74. Afterward, he rendezvoused with state narcs, who then raided the house. In the course of the raid, they found four to six ounces more (accounts vary) in a plastic bag in the front yard, and some scales, papers and roach clips, inside. Roger Davis was arrested and charged with sale of marijuana for the alleged transaction with Eads, and possession with intent to sell for the bag in the front yard.

From the time of the first LSD bust through Davis's trial on the pot charges, the local newspaper, the Southwest Virginia Enterprise, waged a hysterical campaign against the drug plague threatening the community. In this period the Enterprise published 55 front-page stories or fear-mongering editorials on drugs or narc arrests, and between Davis's grass arrest and the opening of the trial, ran 16 page-one pieces on Roger and his case. In the lynch-fever that followed, he was convicted by an all-white jury, on both counts, and sentenced by Judge Arthur to 40 years in prison and a \$20,000 fine. He was immediately hauled off to the state penitentiary at Richmond.

But that was only the beginning of a Kafkaesque legal nightmare that still haunts Roger Davis.

The outrageous sentence, with all its racial and selective-enforcement overtones, was ultimately brought—through the efforts of Roger's wife and other concerned citizens—to the attention of the American Civil

Liberties Union and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. They entered the case in earnest in 1976, enlisting the aid of Ted Hogshire, an energetic young defense attorney from Charlottesville. An appeal to the state supreme court having failed, Hogshire appealed to Federal District Judge James Turk to overturn Roger's sentence on the Eighth Amendment grounds of "cruel and unusual punishment." Davis was released on bond after three and a half years of maximum-security confinement, and Judge Turk indeed found that the sentence was disproportionate to the crime. Roger was officially a free man again—but not for long.

The state of Virginia now brought the case before a three-judge appeals panel of the fourth federal circuit, who overturned Judge Turk's decision. Davis, still out on bond, again faced 40 years. Hogshire then filed another appeal to the full fourth circuit, and they overturned the appeals panel, upholding Judge Turk's decision and making Roger a free man again. Virginia prosecutors soon appealed that decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, who remanded it back to the fourth circuit for reconsideration. The fourth-circuit judges reheard the case and reaffirmed their earlier position; in response, the state prosecutors went back to the U.S. Supreme Court with a new appeal of that reiterated decision.

This time the high justices agreed to consider the case, but not to accept briefs or arguments. In January 1982, they summarily determined that Judge Turk had broken discipline by overturning Roger's sentence. A six-to-three majority of the court agreed (the other three strongly dissented) that federal judges could interfere in state sentencing only in "exceedingly rare" instances (the example of a life term for overtime parking was given); and that, therefore, the original sentence should stand. Now, with the full approval of the highest court in the land, Roger faced the remainder of 40 years in prison.

With "due process"

apparently exhausted, he sought mercy. Backed by the ACLU, NORML, the NAACP and others, he petitioned Virginia's newly elected governor, Charles Robb, for a pardon. Robb, in a moment of muted compassion—after due consideration of all the legal, human and political ramifications—granted a partial pardon, reducing Roger's sentence on the pot charges to 20 years. That left him with a total term of 25 years, inclusive of the LSD sentence; so, having spent five years on the outside with no major run-ins with the police, he was returned, at age 36, to state custody.

So ended the most recent chapter of Roger Davis's battle for some semblance of justice. When it was over, Ted Hogshire had spent six and a half years on the case, assisted by generations of volunteers from the University of Virginia Law School. "Thousands of hours," says Hogshire, were contributed by himself and others to the futile effort, but the battle still may not be over. According to Chan Kendrick, director of the Virginia ACLU, other lawyers are examining the case and may find new grounds for an appeal.

Meanwhile, Roger bides his time at Botetourt (pronounced Botty-tot) Correctional Unit, a medium-security "road camp" about 12 miles from Roanoke, where we went to conduct this interview. Botetourt, nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains just above the town of Troutville, is a small complex of mostly white, clapboard buildings surrounded by a cyclone fence. The most trustworthy prisoners, those with "A-custody" status, are allowed the privilege of working on the county roads during the day for the Highway Department, whose complex adjoins the prison. This is a valued privilege, since it breaks the boredom of confinement. Roger was elevated to A-custody and took his place on the road crew shortly after this interview was conducted.

We talked to him alone, in the apparent privacy of a one-room building, furnished with tables and folding chairs, overlooking the yard. Roger seemed healthy and eager for contact with the noninstitutional world.

He exhibited the kind of charm and candor that must have attracted many of the young people of Wytheville 11 years ago, along with the understandable anger of a man who feels wrongly confined. By the time these words are published he will have been reimprisoned for about a year. His first parole hearing is scheduled for July 1984.

HIGH TIMES: Tell me something about your background, the kind of family you came from.

DAVIS: Well, my father was killed when I was nine years old. We were very, very poor. I had seven brothers and sisters.

HIGH TIMES: Were you a welfare family?

DAVIS: No. Well, social security, and my father was a railroad worker.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, I see. So there was a railroad pension?

DAVIS: Right. That's what we relied on to live. But of course it was never enough when you've got eight mouths to feed—plus mom made nine. It was a bad, bad scene. I had to struggle all my life for everything I ever had.

I grew up early.

I worked since I was thirteen years old. I was what you could consider a yard-dorky. I worked in rich white people's yards in and around Wytheville. All during that time I was fine. I was one of the nicest young black boys in the area. But, as I got older and, you know—integration—I realized that there was more to life than I had, and more to it than being what they wanted me to be.

HIGH TIMES: Were you a good student?

DAVIS: Well, I played high-school basketball, and when you played basketball, your grades were not all that important—just basketball. And then, in 1965, with school integration, I attended Rural Retreat High School in my senior year. That's about three or four miles from my home. I attended it my senior year—and maybe that was the mistake.

HIGH TIMES: Because it was a larger school?

DAVIS: Yes, it was a *white* school. It was the first year of school integration in this area. I just realized what I'd missed all my life—where you *had* to get it, you *had* to study, you *had* to do this, you *got* to do that. It kind of formed me into a different person; I didn't want to make an ass out of myself. I think I learned more in one year than I had the whole time that I'd been in the black school.

HIGH TIMES: Because of the quality of the teachers?

DAVIS: The quality of the teachers, a lot less distance to go to school, more activities—just the different people.

Realizing that white and black were in the same world: Here we are in the same school; we can exist together. I never went back from that. In other words, if I wanted to go some place, into a white establishment, I didn't go in the back door; I went in the front door. And I didn't look down on myself, even with my background—where I came from, being very poor.

HIGH TIMES: Were you considered a bright kid?

DAVIS: No, I don't think I was considered a real bright kid.

HIGH TIMES: Did you consider *yourself* a bright kid?

DAVIS: Well, I felt I had the basics to be just as intelligent as anybody else, even though I got off to a late start as far as public education and all went. But I just wanted more than I'd had. And you go around to the black establishments, the black places, and they don't *have* it there. I had to seek it somewhere; so I decided, well, I'll just do what everybody else does, I'll go where everybody else goes. Which caused me an awful lot of trouble, a lot of fights. I was attacked by several different groups of white men.

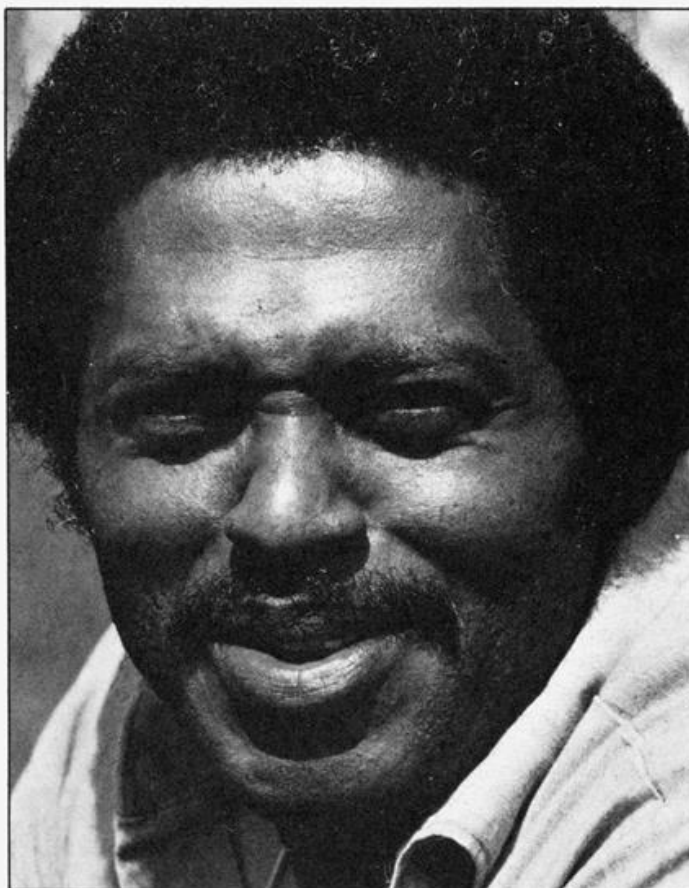
HIGH TIMES: When did you meet your wife?

DAVIS: Oh, '69, '70, at Wytheville Community College. I went there for about two quarters—something like that.

HIGH TIMES: And during this time did you become involved in the counterculture, the psychedelic revolution and all?

DAVIS: Yes, but it seemed like

"They don't lock up any saints, and even if they do, they damn sure don't turn none loose."



southwestern Virginia was a few years behind the West Coast and a lot of the large cities. A whole community seemed to turn on at the same time. At first, five or six people smoked reefer, or knew anything about the drug culture, and then you looked up a year later and, hell, everybody was out in the street doing it. During that time, it hit so suddenly that if you weren't there you weren't hitting on very much.

HIGH TIMES: I take it this was a biracial scene in Wytheville, and that's what made people nervous.

DAVIS: Well, I think drugs are what caused the biracial scene. I think we all started getting high, black and white, and realized we had something in common. It was nothing more than just sharing a stick of marijuana, but at least we had something

in common and it kind of brought people together. It gave us a chance to understand each other—black understanding white, and white understanding black—and it really scared citizens in the area.

HIGH TIMES: Were there places in Wytheville where people who were part of this scene hung out, or was it just individuals?

DAVIS: There were places also. Like we used to hang at a place called Ray's Kingburger, a hamburger joint. On a given night, there might be about fifty or sixty people standing around smoking, tripping on LSD.

HIGH TIMES: Sounds like a fairly strong drug scene.

DAVIS: Oh, it was tremendously strong. But the fears that it created in people in the area were also tremendously strong.

HIGH TIMES: In this context, did you begin to feel a lot more freedom than it turned out you had?

DAVIS: Yes. I felt totally and completely free. I wasn't getting hassled by anyone. I didn't go into the greasy spoons and redneck bars that I used to go into anymore. I didn't have any need to. The people I wanted to socialize with weren't in those places. They were very mellow people that you could sit down and talk to, and understand, and they understood you. And you didn't have to worry about somebody going wild at you, or saying, "Hey, nigger, what are you doing here!" Through drugs, I found a different world, a world totally and completely the way that I felt then it should be.

HIGH TIMES: Was this scene around the college as well?

DAVIS: Yes. We were getting high, just like at the bigger schools. It was kind of strange. It was like the whole country had turned on, but they expected the people from Wytheville, who were normal, you know, growing people, young people—they expected them to set aside and not experience the movement that was going on... the Vietnam War and all.

HIGH TIMES: Were you actively involved in opposing the war?

DAVIS: Yes, I was definitely opposed to it. I took part in quite a few demonstrations in Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, and in different places.

HIGH TIMES: And you saw yourself as a politically active person?

DAVIS: Well, politically concerned. I just felt that there was a lot of stuff going on that was wrong. Politically concerned, and then again, seeking to *understand* most of it.

HIGH TIMES: Are you disillusioned about the value of that counterculture, that movement you participated in, as a result of your experience with the law?

DAVIS: Well, not so much disillusioned about it. Up until coming in here, I guess you could say I've had a pretty good life. I hadn't had

everything other people had, but I was happy; I had good times.

There is still that counter-culture you mention. It exists right here. Seems like it's overshadowed now by hard times. A lot of things that we'd rather forget—like the war—there's just no way they can be forgotten.

HIGH TIMES: What did you do for the five years when you were on the outside?

DAVIS: I worked for the Total Action Against Poverty program—was on the staff for two and a half years. Really, really enjoyed that.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of work?

DAVIS: Social work. I was a youth counselor, worked in job development, getting jobs for young people—worked with a lot of juveniles, poor people. After that, I did some maintenance work, construction work.

HIGH TIMES: What happened to Total Action Against Poverty?

DAVIS: I was fired. I had gotten busted for marijuana. I didn't go to court or anything, but they terminated me for that.

HIGH TIMES: And what happened to the charge?

DAVIS: Four days in jail. It was a simple possession charge—misdemeanor.

HIGH TIMES: Does that haunt you today, as far as your record is concerned?

DAVIS: Well, I think it could have had something to do with the governor's refusing to grant the pardon petition.

HIGH TIMES: You hadn't cleaned up your act enough?

DAVIS: Oh, I cleaned it up as best I could, considering what I went through doing my time in prison, which was maximum security.

HIGH TIMES: That was for three years. I imagine a Virginia maximum-security prison is a bit to chew on.

DAVIS: Yes, quite a bit. They don't lock up any saints, and even if they do, they damn sure don't turn none loose. There's no way you can go through that and come out a man, if you're gonna submit to every suggestion that comes to you from the in-

mates—or the administration.

HIGH TIMES: What about this prison? Is there a rehabilitation program?

What are you doing here?

DAVIS: What am I doing here? To be frank with you, I'm wasting away.

HIGH TIMES: But what is the program? What do they offer you?

DAVIS: What do they offer me?

HIGH TIMES: I assume every penal institution has to have some kind of rehabilitation program.

DAVIS: They have one school here, which is air-conditioning and refrigeration school. That's it. You have to be in A-custody, trusty status, in order to attend that. I'm B-custody.

HIGH TIMES: So how do people spend their days?

DAVIS: Sitting around, playing cards, reading books. You have a few people that work around the institution, a couple of gangs that go out on the road.

HIGH TIMES: Are there books available?

DAVIS: Well, they restrict our reading material. We have a little makeshift library. It's difficult to get books. You have to fill out a request form for books that you want. But if you don't know what books you want, then there's no use in filling out a request form.

HIGH TIMES: Do they manage to keep drugs out of the institutions you've been in?

DAVIS: Well, they bust people for it if they catch them with it, but it's impossible. In all of the institutions, *all of them*, that's one of the primary things that keeps trouble down—drugs. If you take drugs out of the penitentiaries, you've got mass murder everywhere you look.

I remember one time on the state farm, there were about seven people killed in one month, because there were no drugs there. People get strung out on it inside the institution. You have nothing to do, and you cannot get into something different, and all of a sudden . . . Whenever there were no drugs—at state farm especially—there were always fights, confusion, always trouble. Then, when somebody'd have

some good reefer or something like that, everything was just as smooth and peaceful as could be.

HIGH TIMES: Is there racial tension here?

DAVIS: There's racial tension in all penitentiaries.

HIGH TIMES: What's the population?

DAVIS: Eighty to ninety.

HIGH TIMES: And the racial makeup?

DAVIS: Maybe fifty-thirty, predominantly black. All of the institutions are predominantly black. On the state farm, I think it was about seventy-five to eighty percent black. In '74 to '77, there were about a thousand people there. It's unbelievable. You walk in and wonder: Where are all the white people that commit crimes?

HIGH TIMES: I assume the level of violence here is lower than in a maximum-security prison.

DAVIS: Oh, yes, definitely. Most people get along pretty good here. Small camps like this, it's real nice. There's not a lot of tension. You do have a chance to ease around, maybe get transferred to another institution. You make parole easier from road camps than you do from major institutions.

HIGH TIMES: How often do you see your wife?

DAVIS: I see her about every three weeks. She works a weird shift, and she has this coming weekend off, so I'll see her this weekend, Saturday and Sunday. She has to work to take care of our little baby girl and herself the best she can. I get to talk to her every day on the phone, though.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of work does she do?

DAVIS: She's a nursing assistant at a hospital in Roanoke. She's been doing that for almost a year now, doing a tremendous job. A supergood woman.

HIGH TIMES: What's her background? She must be somewhat open-minded to be able to cross the color barrier in this part of the country.

DAVIS: Yeah, well, that's something I'll have to ask her about. I guess she kind of feels the same way I do about it.

We're two people; we share and enhance each other.

HIGH TIMES: Does her family accept the marriage?

DAVIS: Noooooo.

HIGH TIMES: Is she from around here?

DAVIS: She's from Bland County, which is over the mountain from Wytheville, maybe about twenty miles. But no, they don't accept it. Well, her brother is nice—comes to visit us sometimes. And his wife and their child. Her mom, I've met her a couple times, and her sister. But her father disowned her way back when.

HIGH TIMES: He couldn't handle it?

DAVIS: No, he couldn't. He still can't handle it.

HIGH TIMES: How old is your daughter?

DAVIS: She's three. She was three in December.

HIGH TIMES: A great age.

DAVIS: Yeah, and to miss it, that's the part that hurts, being here unnecessarily. There are so many alternatives to putting me back in here—so many that the governor, the state of Virginia could use. It doesn't serve any purpose other than to make Carol and Heather suffer. It's not helping anybody. It's damn sure not helping me, or them; and it's damn sure not helping the state of Virginia. Those people got to pay about fourteen thousand dollars a year to keep me locked up in here.

HIGH TIMES: Does it trouble you that you're serving time for a crime that's committed by a large segment of the population on a regular basis?

DAVIS: That's the part that really plays with my head. The government figures that fifty-four million people have tried marijuana. Fifty-four million people! What would happen if, say, that many people would converge on these penal systems, or go to their local jails and demand due process—to be tried, convicted and put in here. Then what would the system do? What could they do?

HIGH TIMES: They'd probably legalize pot.

DAVIS: Then what are they going to do? Apologize to me for all my life they've taken?

HIGH TIMES: What about the help you got from the outside? Do you think the ACLU and NORML devoted as much effort to the case as they could have?

DAVIS: They really put forth a tremendous amount of effort. They paid the bills. I didn't have any money. There's no way I could have appealed it for one day if it hadn't been for NORML and the American Civil Liberties Union. After I got a letter from the lawyers I had hired to defend me, saying that there was nothing they could do with my case—that I would just have to pull the time—I resigned myself to doing forty years. And then Ted Hogshire came to me on the state farm one day and said that the American Civil Liberties Union had hired him to look into my case—they and the NORML people. I didn't expect any results or anything from it, but he was really persistent and really went to work on it. And then I got to feeling good about it, and he got me out. For five years. Beats being in for five years.

HIGH TIMES: Looking back at the trial—I understand there were sixteen articles about you and your bust in the local paper before your trial began. Do you think that was prejudicial?

DAVIS: Most of those people that sat on my jury subscribed to that paper, and it comes out twice a week. Twice a week that damn paper was delivered to their houses. If they weren't reading it, what were they paying for? Yet, they sat on the jury stand and said, "I don't know him. I've never heard of him." And my sister used to work for one of the women that sat on my jury. One of them opened the first charge account I ever had, at a hardware store in Wytheville, when I was a young boy doing the yard-darkey work. And yet she had never heard of me.

I knew about all of them, and they knew me. One woman's son was a junkie; another woman's daughter was a junkie. Just about all of them had skeletons in their closet. Seemed like they were taking their frustrations out on me because they couldn't

control their kids. They figured, "Well, we can get rid of him, put him in the penitentiary, and our problems will be over." They had to blame their failure on somebody; I just happened to be the recipient of it. There were times when I got off with the mayor's daughter, the town manager's son, lawyers' sons and daughters and doctors' sons and daughters.

HIGH TIMES: You moved in those circles?

DAVIS: Yeah, in the wrong circles, I guess.

HIGH TIMES: Can you give us some reflections on your experience with the court system?

DAVIS: There's so much to say about it, especially in a case like mine. There was no way that they could have followed the correct procedures, busting me, trying me or anything. I didn't get a fair trial. They picked me up and went through the formalities. A formality like a Ku Klux Klan rally. And then drove me straight to the penitentiary. That's how I feel about the court system, not all court systems, but the particular one that I was tried in at that particular time. It could have changed now, but I doubt it.

There was a guy who was busted in Wytheville and prosecuted by the same man I was prosecuted by. He was busted with thirty-three pounds of hashish. He got ten years. He got ten years in jail, by the same judge, and the same prosecutor, and busted by the same people. He was white. So, I think all the difference in my case is I am black, and my wife is white.

HIGH TIMES: To argue with you a little bit, we get letters frequently at HIGH TIMES from readers who are white, who are given outrageous sentences just because they're drug offenders, not because of their race. And at more than one level of the court system, white judges made decisions in your favor. When the Supreme Court decided against you, they decided on the basis of a legal technicality, not on the basis of your race. Do you still see your situation as a result of racism?

DAVIS: Well, how else am I

supposed to see it? I mean, they didn't give me an explanation as to why they made that decision. In other words, they just said that federal courts have no right to interfere in sentences handed down by state courts. If I were white, I could understand it not being a racial decision, but that's the only thing I can look at.

So I don't think they did their jobs. They told us what we already knew, that Reagan's federalism program is what we're going to be living under. The example they set tells us this is the way it's going to be, and you have to accept it. I can't accept it. They did not answer the question; so it's still up in the air—Is it right to give a man forty years and a twenty-thousand-dollar fine for marijuana? If the United States Supreme Court doesn't know, then why in hell don't they accept my answer for it? I know it's wrong, because I'm the one in here doing the time. I've spent eleven years of my life struggling out of this shit, for something as petty as marijuana—without enough evidence to convict me in any other court in the world except that one in Wytheville, Virginia.

Of course I don't want to make anyone mad—nothing like that. They might send me that twenty years back down here. [Laughter] But that's the only way I can view it right now.

HIGH TIMES: But in another way, you've had it easier than a lot of people given long sentences. You had five years at home and a chance to find yourself as a human being in another context, outside of prison. Do you feel it damaged your personality in any way?

DAVIS: Of course it's damaged my personality. I haven't had it easy. When the man gave me forty years, he put forty years in my mind, and my ass in the penitentiary. When I went to the penitentiary, I was there for forty years; I wasn't going to leave in three years and get out on bond. I went there with that in my mind, forty years, which is a virtual life sentence. It's not so much

the physical, but the mental. It's difficult to make it hard physically, when they're only containing the flesh, but when they put it in your mind that you're going to be there, and you accept it... Then they open the doors one day and say, "All right, you can go." Then what's that going to do to your personality? When you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas. When I walked out of there I had fleas, because that's where I had been—with dogs.

So it's impossible for a man to walk out of the situation that I walked out of, out onto the street, and fit right in, and expect to have the type of personality that's going to attract the kind of people that the so-called system wants you to be around.

You don't create a personality in a year, or two years or even five years. It takes quite awhile to realize that all the truth that you've seen in the penitentiary, the situations that you've had to survive under—they're not out here. But yet it is the truth. A man under a life sentence will tell you the truth a lot quicker than a man out in the street, free, will—he's got nothing to lose.

Sure it changed me a lot. It took away just about everything I thought I was. It took away just about all the knowledge that I thought I had before I went in. So, when I came back out in the street, I was like a child learning how to walk all over again. I had to get the animalistic mentality out of my mind. You know—a very short fuse. It's something I don't know how much time it takes to do. I was not out that long.

HIGH TIMES: You don't think five years was sufficient?

DAVIS: Well, how could it be when I lived every day waiting on the phone to ring, to tell me, "Hey, Rog, it's time for you to go back to the penitentiary." Why should I let my soul be free, when the next thing you know, my ass is confined again. Once you get over the hurt, then you never want it again. I knew when I came out that I was out temporarily, and I expected to

come back in here. So why should I say, "Well, this is it, I'm free," and make long-range plans, and then have that taken away from me?

The higher you fly, the harder you fall. I wouldn't let myself be free. If you're released on a yo-yo theory, any time they want to snatch that string, they can pull you right on back in. And that's when it really hurts.

HIGH TIMES: Have you made any plans for the day when you get out of here?

DAVIS: Well, it depends. I don't have any plans right now, other than to spend all the time I can with my family, whether it be here in this country, or maybe some other country. I just want my freedom.

HIGH TIMES: You say, "some other country"; does that mean you've thought about emigration?

DAVIS: Well, you know I'm always going to be Roger Davis, and I'm always going to be a man. I refuse to go from boy to uncle and not experience manhood. If I can't accomplish that here in this country, then my alternative is to try another country, as long as I have my family with me.

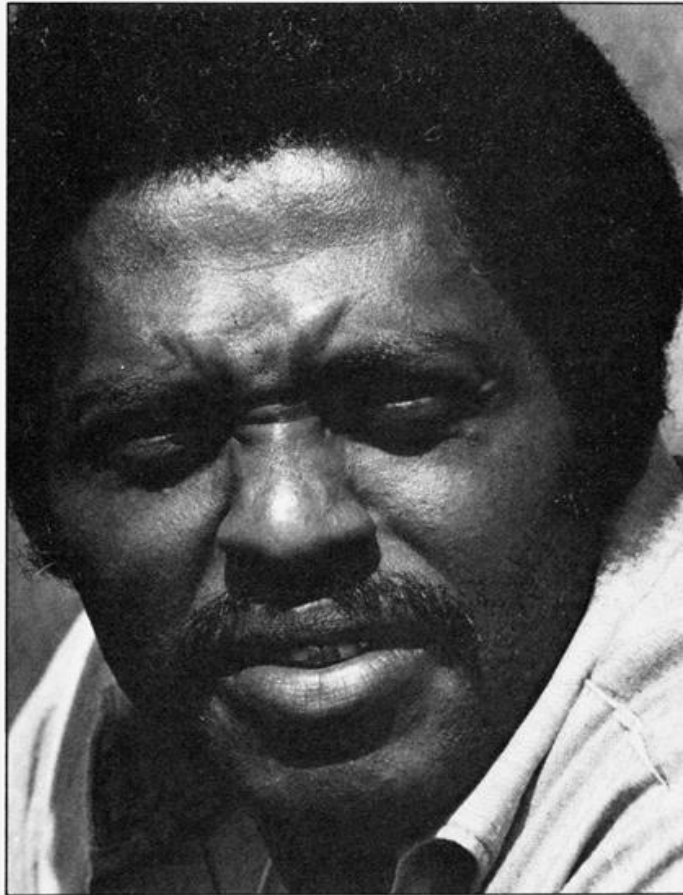
I feel that people and human nature are the same all over the world. I can get along with anybody. Anyone. I want peace in my life. I don't want to have to worry about somebody coming and burning a cross in my yard, which happened to me in Wytheville, Virginia, right before I went to court. I don't want to have to worry about someone shooting at me, making threats on my life, because all this has happened.

HIGH TIMES: When did that happen, the cross-burning?

DAVIS: That was in '73, maybe a week or two before I went to court on the LSD charge, late one night. I wasn't even home.

My mom heard them. And she looked out the window, and she saw it burning and heard 'em hollering down along the road in front of the house. Whoever was doing it was hollering and screaming and drove on up the highway. They were shooting a gun. We

"If you take drugs out of the penitentiaries, you've got mass murder everywhere you look."



didn't know whether they were shooting at the house or where. Late that night, she was telling me about it, and the next morning we went down in the yard and looked at it; and, you know, *there* it was.

When we filed for a change of venue, we carried the pieces to court and showed the judge and the prosecutor and said this had happened. And it was just like, "These people have got to be silly, coming in here with these sticks and saying that somebody burned a cross in their yard." They didn't pay any attention to it whatsoever. None whatsoever. But that type of harassment—and then you take it to the highest officials that you've got, which is the court system, and you don't get any response from them. They look at you like, "Who do you think you are?"

You're lucky that we didn't have you on the cross, burning you."

That was the impression I got from the police and the court. Here I am going to trial, and the Klan comes and burns a damn cross in my yard, and the judge looks at me like he might have been one of 'em.

HIGH TIMES: Did the fact that you were married to a white woman become a public issue at the time of your trial? Was it written about in the papers?

DAVIS: Well, I don't know if it was mentioned in the papers, but it was common knowledge.

HIGH TIMES: Did you know other interracial couples?

DAVIS: Sure, there was quite a bit of it that was going on. We'd been interracial-dating for years. We would go to places like Durham's Restaurant in Wytheville on Main Street to eat, and things like

that. A lot of people were doing it, but not as publicly as I was, because I didn't see any difference.

HIGH TIMES: Did you say, at the time of your trial, that your bust was racially motivated? Did you make statements about it, or speak through your lawyers?

DAVIS: You're the first person I've been able to sit down and talk to about all these things openly since 1973. Most of the things that have been printed have been printed and printed and printed. But they did talk about the case being racially motivated. I never said so. I didn't need to. Why?

Because I actually thought that I would get a fair trial; I didn't know it would be a total railroad. I knew what I was doing was wrong in the eyes of the law; I expected to get busted, but I expected to get some justice also.

HIGH TIMES: What was your feeling in the courtroom when the sentence was passed?

DAVIS: Disbelief. I said, "No, it's a mistake. There's no way they can mean that."

HIGH TIMES: Was your family there?

DAVIS: Yes. My wife was there; my mom was there. My lawyer had cautioned me about my wife being in court, because it might antagonize the jury. Then, of course, you had all the local hippies and long-hairs.

HIGH TIMES: You were a kind of symbol for them?

DAVIS: Right.

HIGH TIMES: So you had a lot of supporters there?

DAVIS: Right.

HIGH TIMES: Were these people you hung out with?

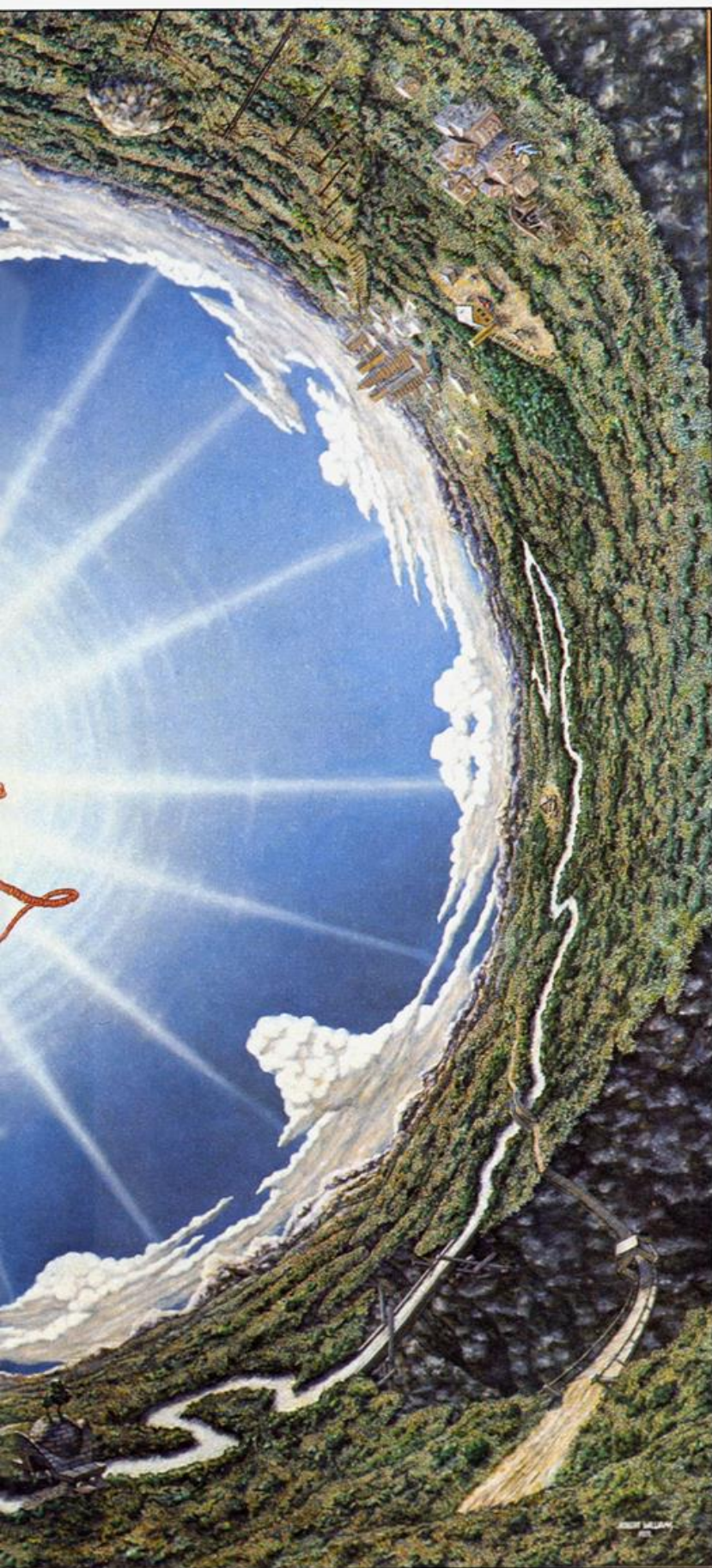
DAVIS: And a lot of people I didn't even know, I hadn't seen before. I think that kind of agitated the situation.

I guess the judge felt, "Well, if we let this man get away, then tomorrow it'll be all these here."

HIGH TIMES: So, when he passed sentence, he was speaking not just to you, but to everyone in the courtroom, about drugs and about race-mixing and all of that?

DAVIS: The whole problem was that he was a little late. He was just a little late. □





Psychic Pedestrians on a Spiral Horizon (Barycenter).

A ROBERT WILLIAMS PORTFOLIO

Painter, illustrator and a founding father of underground comix, this master keeps exploring his closet full of sweet dreams and nightmares.



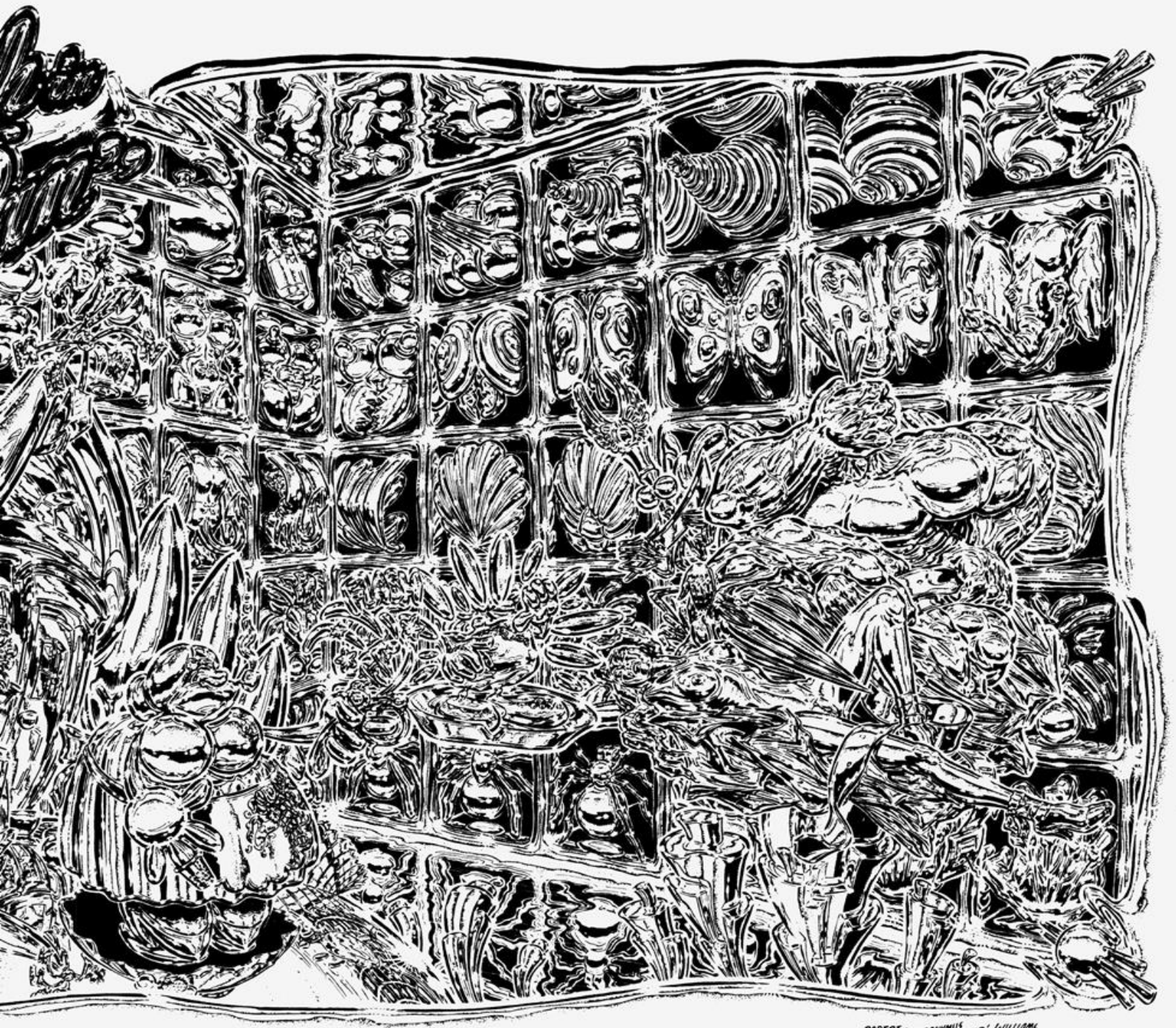
Cecile Grimm



Coochy Cooty in his most recent incarnation.



Left: "Appetite For Destruction"—Phantoms of the mind or actual monsters from outer space?
 Below: A few "Random Licks" studies for tattoos, cocktail napkins and Bar-B-Q Aprons.
 Above: "A Flash in the Pan," is the ultimate in the intense, hard-to-make-out psychedelic style.



ROBERT 'HIERONYMUS BOB' WILLIAMS



MILKED ACNE



HOT ROD NECROPHILIC



CHANGE YOUR SHORTS!



OH NO!
NOT CHICKEN
SUITS & STILTS?

GOSH COOCH, DON'T TELL
ME YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR
'PHEASANT LEISURE DISGUISE'
& 'ITALIAN WALK-TALLS' YET?

"TWO
HUNDRED
DOLLARS?"

THAT'S AH HIM,
OFFICER!

OH SHIT!

BUT COOCH,
EVERYONE'S
DOIN' IT!

WE'VE BEEN
LAYIN' FOR YUH,
YOU LIL'
BASTARD!

SKREECH

HAIT OR I'LL BLOW
YOUR BRAINS OUT!

BLA BLA BLAM

WHAT THE ...?

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER.

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER.

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER.

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER.

HANDS UP &
I SURRENDER.

BUT OFFICER,
'EVERYONE'S
DOIN' IT!'

SCAA-
REECH

RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

PART VI by "R"

On the verge of breaking the most important story of his career, the Connoisseur is paid a visit by an old acquaintance bearing a deadly assortment of handguns and a blood-chilling threat from powerful people in high places.

The story so far: Could HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade still be alive? That was the shocking question confronting "R," Forcade's old friend and cannabis-connoisseur protégé, at the conclusion of our last episode. Could Forcade have faked his death in order to rebuild the Brotherhood, the legendary international psychedelic smuggling empire that rose and fell in the '70s? That was the theory two menacing narcs have posed to "R" in a strange confrontation over onion rolls at Wolfie's restaurant in Miami Beach.

"R" had flown down to Miami, that Casablanca of the contemporary coke and weed trade, when a mysterious woman in New York hinted that the true story of Forcade's 1978 suicide might only be found in "Chateau Forcade," the palatial Prohibition-era Miami waterfront mansion that served as the nerve center of Forcade's smuggling operations at the height of the Colombian gold rush of the '70s. The intrepid Connoisseur finds a seductive and treacherous Palm Beach pot party girl named Susannah residing in the mansion, and finds himself lured into a trap she's set for him with the feds. Threatening him with a hideous fate, the feds try to convince "R" to lead them to the born-again Brotherhood and the mysterious Mr. Big they claim is a reborn Forcade.

The last episode found "R" strenuously practicing investigative decadence in that notorious Lansky-land roadhouse motel, "Myron's Club Polynesia Towne"—the "Rick's Place" of the Caribbean Casablanca. When we left, we found him being lured to a sinister coke-tasting contest featuring a bizarre gallery of white-suited rasta dwarfs, cutthroats and coke whores. But something happened before "R" was able to reveal the outcome of that episode. In his mysterious ways, "R" contacted

HIGH TIMES and asked for a postponement of the conclusion to his astounding tale.

(Needless to say, all characters herein are fictional and have not the slightest resemblance to any smugglers living or dead. Even "R" doesn't have the slightest resemblance to himself. Only Forcade is real. Strange. Mythic. But real.)

Well. Back again. I know some of you have been suspicious about the one-month pause in this serialization. In scenes reminiscent of the heyday of Charles Dickens monthly serializations, anxious crowds were gathered around newsstands and headshops all over the country last month waiting for the June HIGH TIMES to hit the stands with the hotly anticipated final episode of "R"'s smuggling epic. Only to tear apart the issue in vain, finding only a cryptic announcement that "R" was giving his readers a month to "pause and reflect" upon the action in the past five episodes before ending the suspenseful saga.

The consternation has shaken up a lot of people. Rumors and paranoia theories have swept the venues of cannabis culture. What was the real story behind "R"'s postponement? Was he about to reveal something about Forcade (could he be alive?) that was too hot for HIGH TIMES to handle? Did certain people in the Old Brotherhood not want the truth to come out about the existence of the New Brotherhood? Were there threats? Pressures?

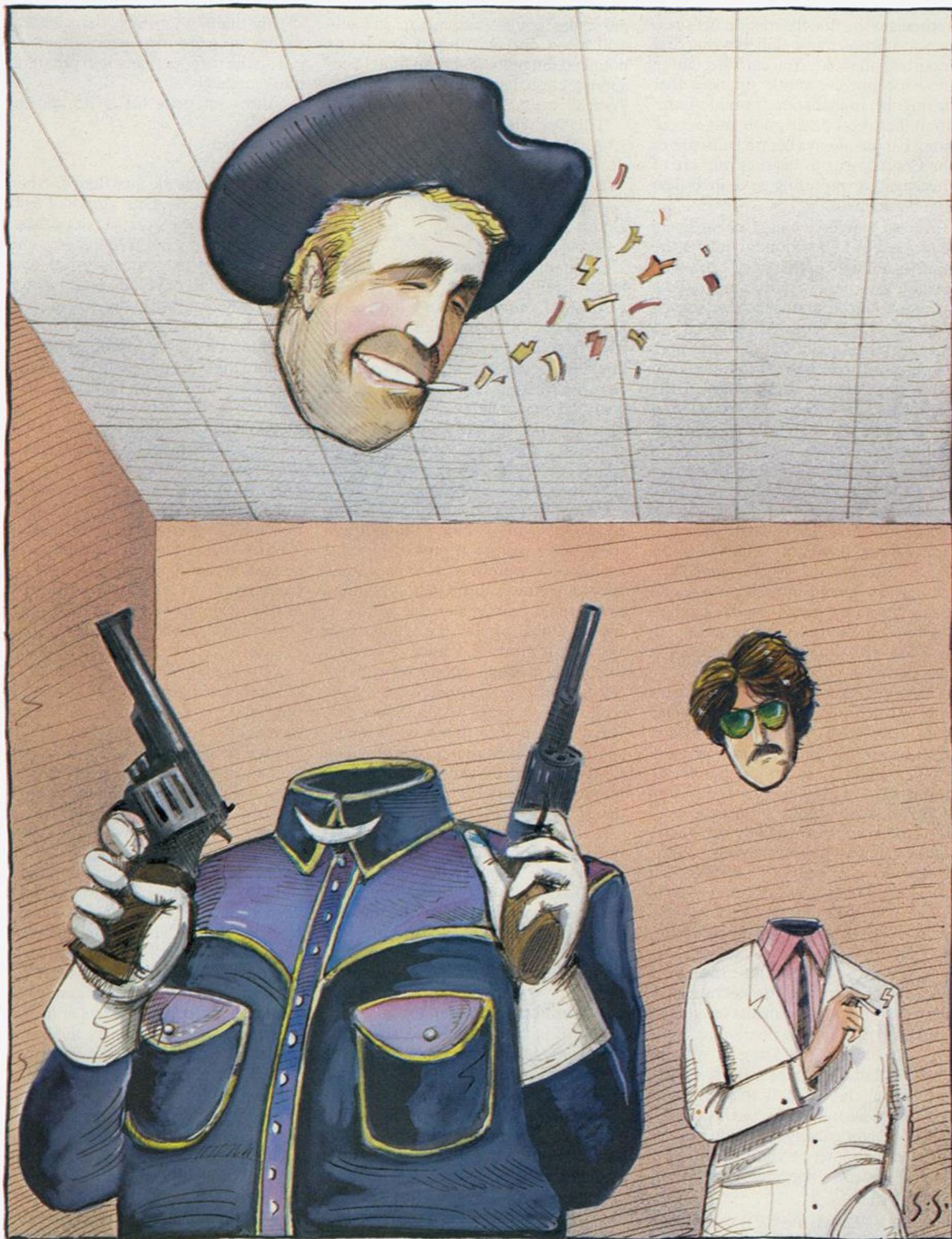
The answer to all these questions is yes.

There were certain people who just didn't want the truth to come out. Some people thought it was wrong to write about Tom at all, especially the side of

him that traveled in that whole clandestine world in which he was, by general acclamation, the Grass Tycoon. All I can say in that regard is that Tom deliberately allowed me glimpses of his underground empire, specifically because he knew I was a reporter and knew that—giving due consideration to the privacy of his associates and the First Amendment protection of confidential sources—someday, somehow, I'd write about it. In fact, I always assumed that he *wanted* me to write about that hidden world and his role in it. He was proud of it, as proud as he was of his achievements as political activist, publisher, editor and writer. More than proud of it—he *believed* in it, in some ways it was the part of his life that was closest to his heart. He believed that smugglers were part of a long tradition of free spirits and freedom fighters who fought authority and lived by their own code. "When you live outside the law you must be honest" was one of his favorite Dylan quotes. HIGH TIMES itself was created out of his devotion to the smuggler ethic, and I know he would want it to be the place that preserved something of his legendary exploits for history and myth.

Okay, okay, I can hear you say, what *really* happened to the missing episode? Was "R" about to reveal something about Tom, about the Brotherhood, about the *actual* survival of the global smuggling underground and the mysterious grass tycoon who headed it, something so explosive they couldn't allow it to be printed?

Well, all "R" is permitted to say at this point is that when you're dealing with Miami, when you're dealing with the tricky currents of intrigue, paranoia



and paranoid cocaine psychosis that can make tempers explode like fragmentation grenades, well, you're dealing with people who don't necessarily appreciate the fine distinction between fact and fiction that a skilled writer and reporter can make. You can't explain to these people the subtle nuances that distinguish imagination from incrimination, between description and deception, that has always been a hallmark of the Connoisseur in his deft mixture of investigative reporting and investigative decadence.

And so, to make a long story relatively short, just as I was about to deliver the final installment of this story, I received a call from a certain party who told me in a pronounced southern drawl that he was "up heah from Mahyamee" to speak to me "about the die-rection yo plot is goin'." Some of us folk down in what you call the 'Casablanca of the Caribbean' are concerned. From a literary point of view. They've asked me to discuss it with you."

And so, against my better judgment, I found myself showing up in a sleazo-modern airport motel suite near New York's Flushing Bay. Too near the bay if you ask me. Especially when I walked in and discovered my host—a tall skinny guy in horn-rimmed glasses and badly fitting polyester cowboy clothes, and wild coked-up eyes that were oddly filled with what looked like tears as he opened the door.

"Har yew there, 'R'?" he asked, in his mean, dried-up cactus West Texas accent. "How's Mr. Big Shot Connoisseur. Excuse me," he said wiping his eyes. "Yew caught me at an emotional moment. That's the saddest goddamn song," he said, jerking a thumb back at the motel bed where a battered "ghetto blaster" tape box was playing a Willie Nelson song, "The Last Thing I Needed the First Thing This Morning Was to Have You Walk Out on Me."

But Tex didn't stay sentimental for too long.

"Wail now, Mr. Connoisseur, ah been readin' those stories you been printin' about me 'n Tom and ah kin see you got a mighty fine eye-magination..."

"Gee, thanks, Tex, I'm glad you like them, but that's not you in the story. Just a fictional character. Is that why you wanted to see me? To discuss my prose?"

"Wail. Not exactly, 'R.'" He ambled over to the motel bed and zipped open one of several expensive leather suitcases.

"That there frog, Mister Vweetone, he sure knows how to make fine travelin'

bags. Next time I'm over Paree I plan to bring him some ostrich skins and get him to stitch up a set to match mah boots."

Casually as he spoke he upended this particular Louis Vuitton bag, and several oiled and varnished handguns bounced out onto the cheap motel bedspread. Large handguns. The .357 size. With silencers.

"Uh, Tex what are you, uh—"

"Ah thought you wanted to see these, 'R.'"

"Me? Why?"

"Well, I heard you were in the market for some protection."

"Protection?"

"Yeah, and ah don't mean no profo-lactics. Haw haw haw."

Now, I'd known Tex for a long time. He was one of Tom's oldest associates back from his days as psychedelic outlaw and itinerant pamphleteer on the Arizona-Mexico border. In all those years I'd never liked his laugh and I never thought he had much of a sense of humor. That night I didn't find him funny at all. I found him menacing.

"Why would I need protection, Tex?"

"Wail, 'R,' I was readin' your last episode, and while I always thought you were just a master at pushin' a pen, I thought you were headin' toward some very dangerous subject matter. Seemed to a casual reader like me, you was headin' toward tellin' the whole truth about our mutual friend. And you know you got some people who are *not* casual readers who would be kinda upset if you was to tell all you know. The way I heard it, from a confidential source, you understand, you're gonna need to be carrying protection if you get into the whole area of the New Alliance down there."

Well, there are some things I don't need spelled out for me, and this was one of them. Tex and whoever his confidential sources were weren't interested in scaring the shit out of me and causing me to change the whole direction, the very climax of imaginative revelation, I was building up to. Would I let myself be intimidated?

"Uh, Tex," I said, in my best attempt at a steady tone, "just what direction do you think I should take if I don't, uh, get into the actual, you know—"

"Well, 'R,'" said Tex, relaxing, "speaking just as a humble reader, as a fella that loves a good yarn, I'd rather not hear all this *speckylation* about whether Tom's alive... Just speakin' now as a connoisseur of a good yarn, I'd like to hear the story of *why* he decided

to kill himself. I don't think anybody really knows the truth on that score."

"And you of course would supply that?"

"Ah thank there are thangs I can dredge up from my memory that will put all the rumors to rest and put things into perspective."

"And your price for giving me this story?"

"Final cut."

"Final cut?"

"On this episode just like in them Hollywood deals. One guy's got to be able to say whether the story has a happy ending or not. When you comes to the events in your story following that Mariani party down there in Myron's Polynesia Towne—by the way, ah loves the way you evoked the neon sleaze ambience of Myron's place, ah thought that was powerful evocative as they say—but yes, 'R,' I'd have to have final cut on the final question which I know you're heading toward. But in return you get to know the truth about what really drove our friend Tom to ice himself. You get to clear away all the bullshit and rumors that people who don't know have been spreading. 'Course there's always the added consideration that if you get story approval from me you might not need to buy one of these expensive pistols here—"

"Do I get to hear *your* story before I decide?"

"Sure thang, 'R,' I've been longin' to tell someone because it's been a heavy burden on my heart. Thang is, 'R,' I was *there* on the landing strip the night that Patrick bought it. Ah mean *raht there*. You know what landing strip I'm referrin' to, 'R'? You know the incident I'm referrin' to. You familiar with the circumstances of Patrick's death and its effects on Tom."

That private landing strip in La Guajira. The one Tom used in the coup to corner the market on Santa Marta gold back in the '70s. The one his private air force of crack small-plane pilots used to run the air/sea Colombian blockade in the winter of '75. The escapade that made certain daring flyboys of the pot-pilot elite as legendary as the raffish aces who won the battle of Britain.

And Patrick. Some said he was Tom's closest buddy. They were like the Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid of smuggling. I'd been subletting his apartment up north when he disappeared down there. Tom never told anybody about how Patrick died. Or *that* he died. But one evening he rang the bell at the apartment I was sublet-

ting. He just walked in with two big empty suitcases and started opening some hidden storage cabinets I never knew existed, pulling up floorboards, kicking down false walls, unlocking padlocked closets and removing certain personal effects of Patrick's. I had a girlfriend staying with me then, someone Tom didn't know, and so he refused to answer my questions at the time. He just repacked the things he'd removed from the suitcase and walked out looking as utterly grim and melancholy as I'd ever seen him—and I'd seen him at some of his lowest, blackest moods.

"My God," said my girlfriend, who was mystified by the whole thing. "That guy looks like his best friend just died!"

Later I found out she was right.

"Well, Tex, I know Tom was upset about it—I mean, he and Patrick went back a long way. I remember at that big wake for Tom on top of the World Trade Center I heard a story that Tom had hired a private eye to try and see what happened when Patrick's plane disappeared on some South America trip, right?"

"Yeah, that's the strange thing," Tex said. "Tom *did* hire a private eye for just that purpose, but he *knew* all along just how it happened."

"He knew. Then why—"

"He knew because he was there. He knew because—well, that's what I'm tryin' to get to. Took me awhile to figure out why he'd go through this private-eye thing and I knew he must have had a reason. I think maybe he just wanted to hold out the illusion that there was another explanation than the one that, well, he blamed himself for. Than the truth."

"And what was the truth?"

"You know how close Tom and Patrick were, 'R.' I mean, those two had been through some shit together. But as Tom got more and more involved with that damned magazine, he had less and less time for the Game."

"The Game?"

"That's what he called it. Or sometimes, 'My Florida Scene.' You know Tom was a legend in the Game, but he became so visible after awhile—you know, his whole media tycoon trip with the movies and the records he was producing, and takin' on the feds. Well, sometimes I thought he just did all that to raise the stakes in the Game."

"Raise the stakes?"

"Yeah, smuggling had become too easy in a way. He could move a load of mersh, move a fuckin' *fleet* of mersh if he wanted to with just a couple of phone

calls. But he was in it for something more than the money. He was in it for the *thrill*, for the adrenaline high, for the challenge of smuggling. So he and Patrick would get high and try to dream up some project so outrageous, it would make smuggling history. They were like two kids trying to dream up some impossible adventure and then see if they fuckin' couldn't *do* the fucker.

"Hey, 'R,'" said Tex, going over to the Vuitton full of guns and rummaging through the murderous collection of firepower. "I got somethin' here that you as a Connoisseur should experience before you die."

He must have seen my face go pale.

"Here, try some of this. I think I'm gonna need some myself if I'm gonna get back into that airstrip where Tom and I watched Patrick die."

"You what?"

"Light up, 'R.'"

An arc of gold flashed across the room, gleaming even in the seedy glare of the motel-room light. It glowed with a radiance that only one substance on earth possessed.

"Chateau Forcade?" I asked Tex as the Ziploc bag of densely clumped Colombian landed on my lap.

"Chateau Forcade," Tex confirmed. "Here," he said, producing a fat pre-rolled joint and flaring it up. "A lot of people who didn't know Tom thought he was Mister Cynic, you know, 'Cap'n Bad Vibes,' the Prince of Sarcasm. But that guy was a *dreamer*. That little fucker had *visions*, man. Ah lahks the way you put it in your very first episode there, 'R.' What you said Tom thought this Santa Marta gold was like—the philosophers' stone of grass. 'Like the legendary philosophers' stone that the alchemists claimed could transmute lead into gold, Tom thought this grass could transmute the tarnished metal of human nature itself, create a new golden age.' Hey, philosophers' *stone*. I lahks that. You surely can string them words together, 'R.' But, you know, it's true. Tom thinks that if he can just pull off one big Santa Marta gold harvest—"

"Tom thinks?"

"Did I say that? Sorry, Tom always thought this Santa Marta gold was going to return America to that golden age of innocence when the green hills first blossomed in the sight of the Dutch sailors."

"That's Gatsby."

"No shit, Sherlock. Tom kept a copy of it in the cockpit. I must have read it a dozen times waitin' to be refueled on some crummy excuse for a sandbar

"Hey, 'R,'" said Tex going over to the Vuitton full of guns, "I got somethin' here that you as a Connoisseur should experience before you die."

down here. But I see I've got off the track here," said Tex, lighting up a hefty joint of the inimitably sweet and spicy gold.

"Well, first of all, 'R,' you gotta understand that what happened wasn't necessary. And I think it was *that* that was eatin' away at Tom all the time afterwards. That it was just some of their macho badass gambler's pride that caused what happened to happen."

"Come on, man, cut to the chase," I pleaded. "What *did* happen?"

"Well, they were gonna try and run the blockade. . . . Ah don't know if you realize it, but the navy air stations all over the South were sending up whole *squadrons* to harass smuggler planes out of the air. They were using look-down-see-down satellite radar to track them from above, and then just scrambling fuckin' F-16 interceptors to buzz the shit out of our planes. Fuckin' punchin' 'em out of the sky. Well, Tom had some kind of 'cloak of invisibility' radar his phone-phreak boys were working on and he wanted to be the first to test it.

"We had better pilots than Tom and Patrick. We had guys who'd rode Sam-6 flak over fuckin' *Hanoi* for years. But Tom and Patrick had this kind of boy-adventurer code, like they had to do it themselves.

"So anyways, there we was out on the landing strip. I was part of the ground crew. Been out in the bush with the growers, checkin' the bales and keepin' an eye on them, waitin' for Tom and Patrick to come in on these Lear Executive jets they were foolin' around with. See, neither one of them had a jet rating, but Tom was kind of a natural pilot, and Patrick, well, Tom had sent him to the best private jet-training school, so they thought they could handle it. So I'm sittin' on a mountain of certified Chateau Forcade gold. I've got some locals and some paid-off *federales* guarding the strip. Everything's cool till Tom's plane appears and he comes in too high and fast and he practically blows right off the end of the strip, off the fuckin' *cliff*. I mean, by the time he stops, that fucker's nose was hanging out over ten thousand feet of thin fuckin' air.

"But Tom just climbs out like nothin's happened and he opens the passenger door and a woman in a party dress steps out. I couldn't fuckin' believe it. We're two miles up in the Andes and she's dressed like she just excused herself from some Palm Beach tea party. Which, it turns out, she did. But I tell you, it blew the minds of my Inca boys when—"

"That woman," I asked, "was she—"

"That's right. You wrote about her in

your first episode. I noticed how coy you were there, 'R,' in not mentioning her name—not even *giving* her a name, but then in your *last* episode you practically print her whole rap sheet."

"So that was her? I swear I didn't know at the time I wrote that first episode. I didn't see her picture till I got the Senate testimony on the Brotherhood. And I didn't say anything more than the narcs who infiltrated the Brotherhood knew."

"You sure as hell did, man. You associated her with the other women fugitives from the Big Brotherhood bust, and in the first episode you talked about the rumors about the 'Sisterhood of Love.' Don't you think people are gonna make connections?"

First to
greet me was
the dwarf with
the dreadlocks.
He was
rubbing
his hands
with great
lubricity.

"Well," I said, "but after what happened in Miami—that whole episode at Myron's Polynesia Towne—she's not—"

"Precisely, 'R.' That's just what we're here for. Your plans to write about what happened at the Mariani party at Myron's club that night. That seemed to be where you were leading."

"Hey, Tex. How could I not tell about that?"

"Well, why don't you tell me just how much you *were* going to say and I'll be the judge of how much you *are* going to write about it."

"But you told me you'd tell me how Patrick's death explained Tom's suicide first."

"No," said Tex. "First you tell me how you were gonna handle the shit that went down at that Mariani party, *then*

I'll tell you what happened at the landing strip."

"Well, I was gonna start with the scene at the coke-tasting party down at that Hut Seven with the Cubans—"

"The Mariani party."

"Yeah, except I'd never heard of a Mariani party before. When this little bellhoppette I was with told me the Cuban coke dealers were having a Mariani party they wanted to invite me to, my first reaction was, hey, I'm all for investigative decadence but I just can't stand that kind of music and I don't care how good the coke is.

"Well, she gives me a look like I'm the single most uncool member of the human race she has yet encountered and tells me, 'No, dummy, I didn't say "*mariachi*" party; I said, "*Mariani*" party.'"

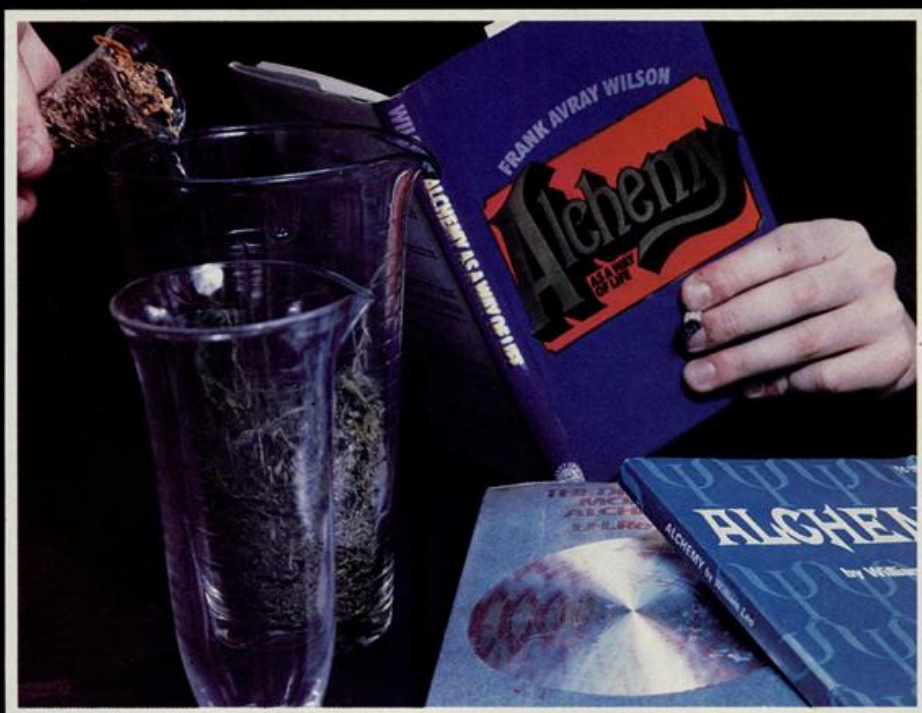
Of course I'd heard of Mariani before, the legendary cocaine-laced wine that had sparkled in the most select salons in *fin de siècle* France. Opera singers, poets, popes—yes, there were written endorsements from Pope Leo—statesmen, poets, all had sung the praises of Vin Mariani.

It was said to both intoxicate and clarify at the same time, to soothe and stimulate—the ultimate tonic. But this divine concoction of a Parisian chemist which combined French Bordeaux and Peruvian coca leaf disappeared from the market after World War I. Although one bottle did turn up at the office of HIGH TIMES in the early years and became the subject of a legendary Forcade temper tantrum. The unopened bottle of *vin coca*, which was said to be worth \$10,000 to collectors, suddenly disappeared from the office after it was photographed for a HIGH TIMES picture spread. Forcade went into a fury. He wanted all the employees to take lie-detector tests to try and find the thief. He practically closed down the magazine out of irritation, although I later heard rumors that the old trickster Forcade had taken and consumed the bottle *himself* with a certain woman and *then* faked a tantrum over an imaginary theft.

Well, anyway, what Maribeth the bellhoppette who'd been assigned by the dwarf to escort me to Hut Seven—what she'd said was, that for some reason in the past year or so the elite of Miami's Cuban coke dealers had gotten into a whole *thing* with Mariani. Almost like freebasing for Californians. Only this was *wine* basing. And not with any old wine. Not with some cheap MD 20-20 or your run-of-the-mill Monsieur

/ continued on page 84

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE



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Montxo Algora



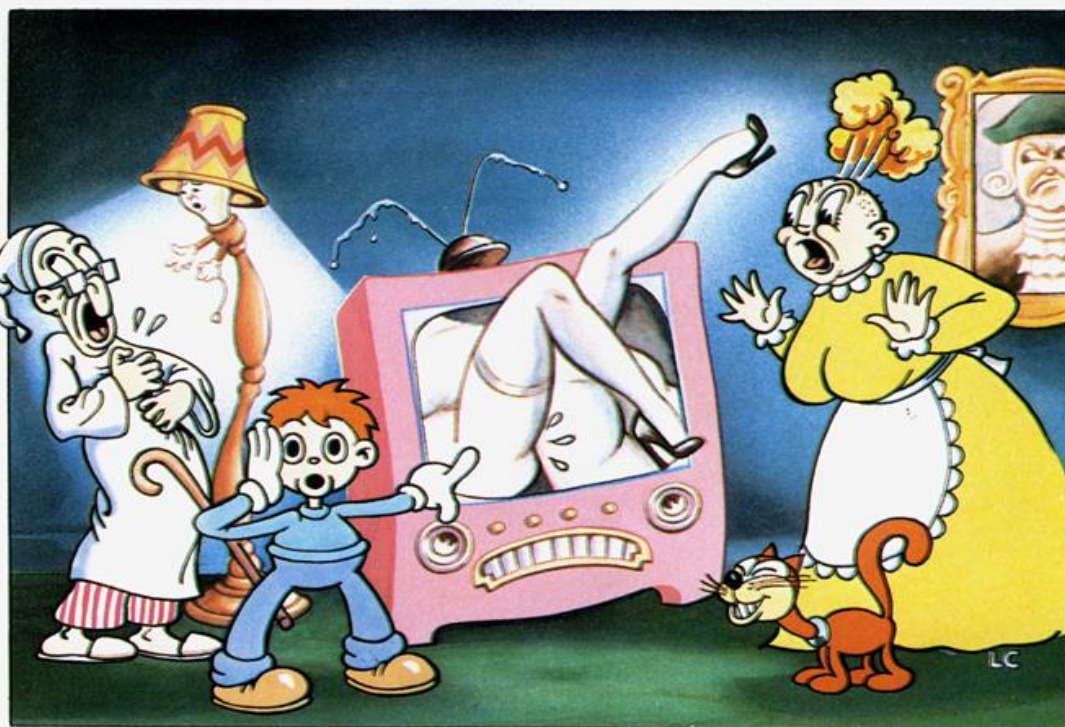




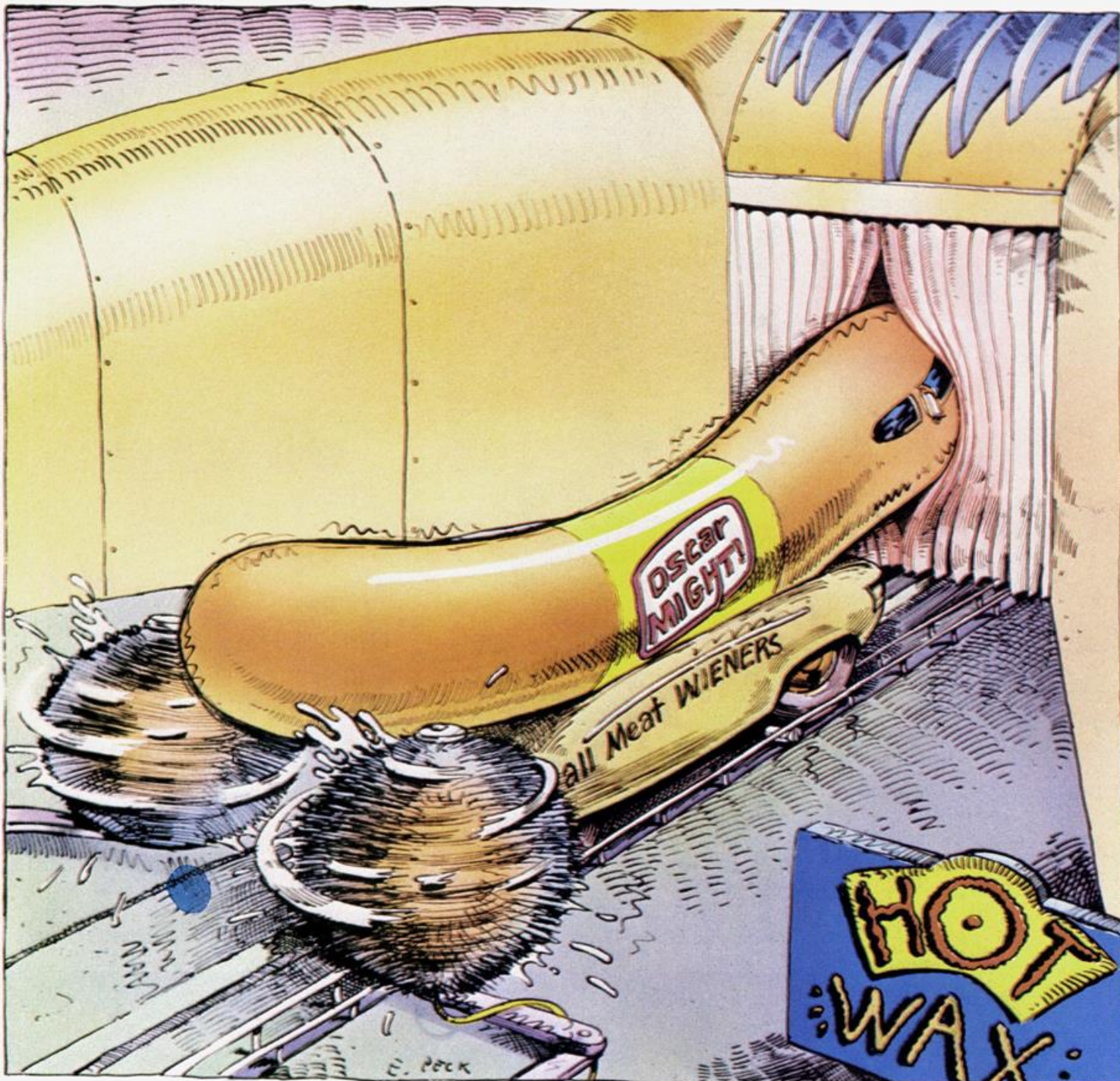
Spuds & Dolls • Stan Watts



Satin Duck • Neon Park



Pubic Television • Leslie Cabarga

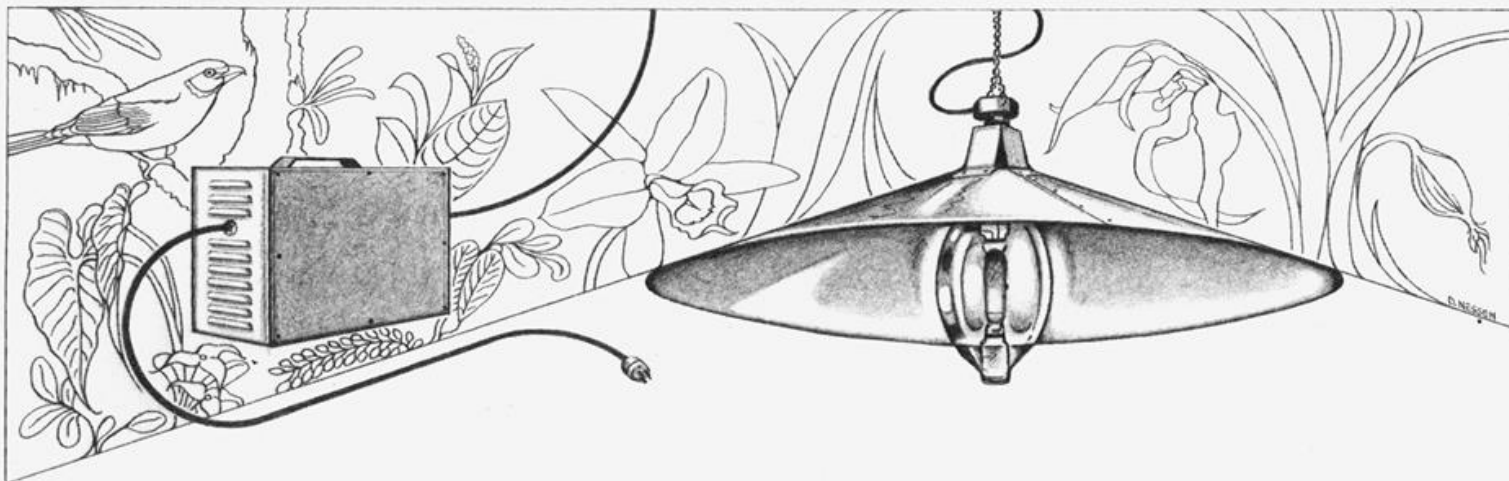


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Goodrear Blimp • Todd Schorr

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STIMULANTS

Whether you're into coffee, Coca-Cola or cocaine, there's a world of difference between being up and being strung out.

by Andrew Weil, M.D. & Winifred Rosen

"Stimulants" is excerpted out of Chocolate to Morphine, Andrew Weil's new book, written with professional kids'-book author Winifred Rosen. Dr. Weil, Harvard physician and frequent HIGH TIMES contributor, has previously written on altered states of consciousness, promoted by everything from drugs to ceremonial singing to solar eclipses, in The Natural Mind (1972) and The Marriage of the Sun and Moon (1980). In Chocolate to Morphine, Weil endeavors now to simply explain drugs, what they are and how they work, to kids—and to everyone else who's curious about drugs.

This has never been done before—not by any sincere parties, anyway—and as this "Stimulants" chapter demonstrates, Weil and Rosen do a brilliant, original job of it. "Depressants," from Valium to opium, are described simply and even-handedly, along with "Hallucinogens" like LSD, and "Deleriants" like glue and ketamine. The chapter on marijuana succeeds in thoroughly debunking the neo-reefer-madness "medical" myths of the New Right, while clearly and emphatically delineating the clinically demonstrated problems that attend compulsive potsmoking.

Drug pushers, drug educators, drug companies, drug laws and drug therapists are all examined with great penetration, and though the language is always gentle, none gets off lightly. Since drugs exist everywhere—as much a part of human experience as ceremonial singing and solar eclipses—then they will be integrated naturally into general human experience, in time. People who politically categorize particular drugs as inherently "good" or "bad" are only being human, Weil points out—but since they obstruct this process of integration, they obviously irritate him, and it shows even through Rosen's dulcet, luminous kids'-book prose.

As icing on this exceedingly delectable

cake, Chocolate to Morphine concludes with an "Appendix" of first-person drug experiences, incorporating numerous experiences unique in all drug literature. Besides the expectable recollections of junkies, chain-smokers, alcoholics, coffee addicts, speed freaks and such, there are stories from people who've done good things with all these drugs, and with drugs even weirder. There's also a jimsonweed trip that will knock your socks off, and an account of "cotton poisoning" (in which the junkie, by accident, shoots up some of his cotton-swab strainer with his schmeck), guaranteed to give you the creeps for days.

Altogether, Chocolate to Morphine is about the most thoroughly enjoyable bit of drug-education literature ever to come down the pike. Worried parents everywhere should get it for their kids, and—better yet—kids should get it for their worried parents. And for anyone who wants to pick up a basic working knowledge of pharmacology in general, this is definitely the place to start.

Hell, nobody here at HIGH TIMES knew, before this book came out, exactly why all the med texts changed the word "adrenalin" to "epinephrine" in the '70s. And we checked around and found out that neither did a lot of degreed professional writers and educators. Chocolate to Morphine will definitely teach you a thing or two.

—Dean Latimer

Stimulants are drugs that make people feel more alert and energetic by activating or exciting the nervous system. There are many stimulant drugs in current use; some are plants found in nature, others are chemicals made in the laboratory. These different drugs produce somewhat different effects, lasting for varying lengths of time, but all of them raise the energy level of the nervous system in roughly the same way.

The individual nerves in our bodies communicate with each other both electrically and chemically. A nerve impulse is an electric discharge that moves

quickly along the fiber of a nerve cell. The fiber may end at a muscle, a gland or another nerve cell, but there is always a tiny space between the end of the nerve fiber and the next cell. To bridge this gap, the nerve fiber releases small amounts of powerful chemicals called neurotransmitters that affect the next cell. Some neurotransmitters are strong stimulants that cause muscle cells to fire off electrical discharges. The most common stimulant neurotransmitter is a chemical called noradrenalin or norepinephrine. This chemical is closely related to the hormone adrenalin (or epinephrine) which is produced by our adrenal glands.*

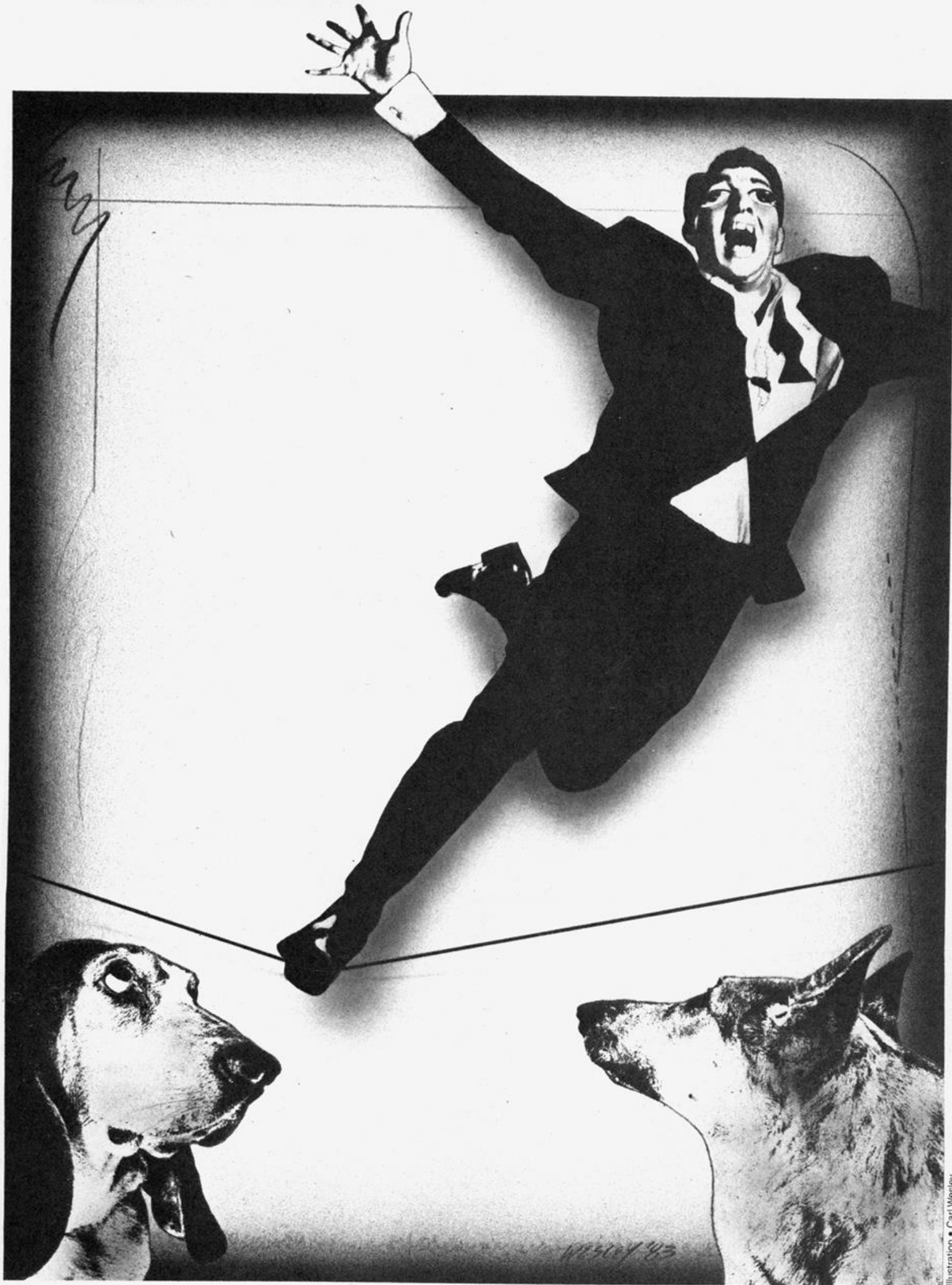
Stimulant drugs work by causing nerve fibers to release noradrenalin and other stimulating neurotransmitters. Although different stimulants bring about this release in different ways, the end result is always the same: the release of more stimulating neurotransmitters. So, the stimulation people feel when they take stimulant drugs is simply a result of the body's own chemical energy going to work in the nervous system. The drug just makes the body expend it sooner and in greater quantity than it would ordinarily.

This release of chemical energy in the form of noradrenalin causes certain predictable changes in the mind and body. It makes a person feel wakeful, alert and, often, happy. It makes the heart beat faster and may cause the blood pressure to rise. Because it produces changes in blood flow, the fingertips and tip of the nose may become cold. It gives a feeling of butterflies in the stomach and may cause a laxative effect.

Some of these changers are mediated

*Adrenal is a Latin word meaning "on the kidney," because the adrenal glands sit on top of the kidneys like little caps. Epinephros means the same thing in Greek. In America the Parke-Davis pharmaceutical company succeeded in registering Adrenalin as a trademark for their brand of adrenal hormone, and as a result American scientists have been forced to use the more cumbersome words epinephrine and norepinephrine. The British are not so constrained. They talk about adrenalin and noradrenalin, and so shall we.

From the book *Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind-Active Drugs*, by Andrew Weil, M.D., and Winifred Rosen, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Copyright © 1983 by Andrew Weil, M.D., and Winifred Rosen. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.



by a branch of the nervous system called the sympathetic nervous system. The main function of the sympathetic nervous system is to respond to emergencies by preparing the body for fight or flight. It does so by shutting down nonessential functions and speeding up vital ones. The sympathetic nervous system relies on noradrenalin as its chemical messenger.

Now, noradrenalin acts in many of the same ways as adrenalin, the hormone secreted by the adrenal glands, also in response to emergencies. Experiences that cause the adrenals to secrete adrenalin into the bloodstream produce feelings very much like those of stimulant drugs. The rush of excitement one gets on a roller-coaster ride, for example, may feel a lot like the effect of a dose of amphetamine, and no doubt both these techniques are popular for the same reason—because they give people a sense of increased mental and physical energy, and make them feel, temporarily at least, more alive.

In recent years scientists have begun to find out many interesting things about biorhythms, the cycles by which our vital processes wax and wane. The most obvious daily biorhythm is that of sleeping and waking. Production of hormones and neurotransmitters has its own ups and downs, and these cycles probably explain why people feel naturally stimulated at certain times and naturally lethargic at others. A common pattern is to feel energetic and able to concentrate well in the morning but to become tired and mentally sluggish in the late afternoon.

One reason that stimulant drugs are popular is that they give temporary control over rhythms of wakefulness and the ups and downs of mood. If you have a mental task to do at 3 P.M., when your brain wants to rest, you can mobilize it to concentrate by taking a stimulant drug and thereby forcing your nervous system to release some of its stored-up chemical energy. Or if you have to drive a long distance at night when your whole nervous system is ready for sleep, you can stay awake by putting a stimulant into your body. Or if you are feeling depressed when you have to go out and meet important people, a stimulant might brighten your mood for a while.

Another reason people like stimulants is that they suppress hunger, making it possible to think about something other than food, and concentrate better on the task at hand. Not eating, moreover, tends to further increase one's energy and sense of alertness. The reason

stimulant drugs suppress hunger probably has to do with the preparation of the body for emergencies. In emergencies, all digestive functions become nonessential compared to such processes as blood circulation and speed of muscular response. Under stress, therefore, the body shifts energy away from the stomach and intestines to the brain, heart and blood vessels.

Because the nerves and muscles receive more attention under the effect of stimulants, these drugs may improve certain kinds of physical and mental performance for a time. They may enable people to concentrate longer and better, or to perform physical work more efficiently and with greater endurance. This probably explains why



these drugs are especially popular with students and athletes.

Of course, not everyone is affected by stimulants in the same way; some people find their effects unpleasant, just as some people find roller-coaster rides unpleasant. Far from making everyone cheerful and alert, these drugs make many people anxious, jittery and unable to sit still. Some people are so sensitive to stimulants that they cannot sleep at all, even 12 hours after taking a small dose. Others get such distressing symptoms as heart palpitations, diarrhea and urinary frequency. Instead of automatically improving physical and mental performance, stimulants sometimes just give people a false sense of confidence in what they are doing. There are famous stories of college stu-

dents who wrote what they imagined to be brilliant final exams under the influence of amphetamines, only to find later that they had written the same line over and over or scribbled the whole exam on one illegible page.

Still, at first glance, stimulants sound attractive: they can make you feel alert, happy, wakeful, energetic, strong and resistant to hunger, boredom and fatigue. But one of the greatest lessons of life is *You Never Get Something for Nothing* (or, *There Is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch*), and stimulants are no exception to this rule.

The most serious problems with stimulant drugs result from the way they work. For, instead of miraculously delivering free gifts of cosmic energy, stimulants merely force the body to give up some of its own energy reserves. So when the effect of a stimulant wears off, the body is left with less energy than usual and must replenish its supplies.

People experience this depletion of energy as a "down" or "low" state, marked by the very same feelings they take stimulants to avoid: namely, sleepiness, lethargy, laziness, mental fatigue and depression. The price you pay for the good feeling a stimulant gives you is a not-so-good feeling when the stimulant wears off.

Now, if you are willing to pay this price and let the body recharge itself, there is nothing wrong with using stimulants now and then. The trouble is that many people are not willing to let their bodies readjust; they want to feel good again right away, so they take another dose of the drug. It's very easy to fall into a pattern of using stimulants all the time in order to avoid the down feeling that follows the initial up.

Unfortunately, when they are used in this way, stimulants quickly produce dependence. People who take stimulants regularly find they cannot function normally without them. They need them just to open their eyes in the morning, move their bowels, work or do any of the tasks of everyday life. Without them they just don't feel like doing much of anything.

Kinds of Stimulants

Coffee and Other Caffeine-Containing Plants

Caffeine, the most common natural stimulant, is found in a number of plants throughout the world. The drug was first isolated from coffee in 1821 and was named for that plant, but the effects of coffee and caffeine differ. In many ways coffee seems to be more

powerful than refined caffeine or other caffeine-containing plants.

A shrubby tree native to Ethiopia, coffee is now cultivated in many tropical countries throughout the world. Its bright red fruits, called cherries, each contain two seeds or beans. The raw beans are gray-green, but when roasted they turn dark brown and develop the odor and flavor with which we are familiar. Legend has it that coffee was first discovered long ago by Ethiopian nomads who noticed that their domestic animals became frisky after eating the fruits of the trees. When people tried eating the seeds, they got frisky too, and eventually they learned to make a flavorful drink of the roasted seeds.

More than a thousand years ago, groups of Muslims in the Middle East began using coffee in religious rituals and ceremonies. Groups of men would meet one night a week, drink large amounts of coffee and stay up all night praying and chanting. These mystics confined their use of coffee to these ceremonies, but as coffee became more widely known, other people began to use it, not for religious reasons but just because they liked its stimulant effect. When people started to drink coffee every day in large amounts, many of them found they couldn't stop.

When coffee spread throughout Europe in the 17th century, it became extremely controversial, stirring up great opposition as a new and unapproved drug. Authorities tried to prohibit its use, but of course their efforts were to no avail; coffee soon established itself all over the world. In Europe, coffeehouses sprang up in all cities, and whole societies became dependent on the drug almost overnight. Johann Sebastian Bach is rumored to have been a coffee addict. He extolled the virtues of the new drink in his famous Coffee Cantata. The French writer Balzac could not work without coffee. He drank larger and larger amounts of brews so strong they looked like thick soup, and then complained of the stomach cramps they gave him.

Today coffee is a thoroughly approved drug—so approved, in fact, that many people who drink it regularly are surprised to learn it is a drug at all, let alone a powerful drug that can cause dependence and illness.

The truth is that coffee is a strong stimulant, one that is hard on certain parts of the body. It is irritating to the stomach, for example, and many people who drink a lot of it have indigestion most of the time. (In the United States, where coffee is regularly con-

sumed in large quantities, there are nearly as many brands of antacids as there are brands of coffee.) It is also irritating to the bladder, especially in women, and is a frequent cause of urinary complaints. Coffee makes many people shaky by upsetting the delicate balance between nerves and muscles.

Today dependence on coffee is very common in Western society. Many regular users cannot think clearly in the morning until they have had their first cup. Without it they can't concentrate, move their bowels or do their work. Also, they suffer real withdrawal symptoms—severe headaches, for example—if they stop using coffee suddenly. Such problems all come from using coffee too frequently so that the body



never gets a chance to replenish its stores of chemical energy and comes to rely more and more on the external drug.

Coffee and caffeine have been accused of causing birth defects. There is no agreement on this possibility among scientists, but pregnant women should remember that coffee and caffeine are drugs and should not consume them in large amounts. Recently, medical researchers have found evidence linking coffee (but not other caffeine drinks) with cancer of the pancreas, an untreatable form of cancer that has been on the increase among Americans. The evidence is still weak, however, so it would be premature to give up occasional cups of coffee for fear of developing this disease. Coffee drinkers should

watch for further information on this possible health risk.

Other caffeine beverages don't seem to be as powerful or as toxic as coffee—even though they may contain as much caffeine or equivalent drugs. Tea is not nearly so irritating to the body as coffee, and cases of dependence on tea are less common. This is probably because coffee contains other substances that, by adding to the effect of the caffeine, make it a stronger drug. (Pharmacologists call this kind of interaction "synergism.")

Of course, tea is a stimulant, and if you drink it in large amounts or make it strong enough, you can get powerful effects, including jitteriness and insomnia. In England, tea drinking has been a national pastime and habit ever since the early 17th century, when it was introduced from the Orient. In Japan, the tea ceremony is a very elaborate ritual built around the consumption of a special green tea powder that is whipped with water into a bitter, frothy drink.

Cola is a caffeine-containing seed, or nut, from a tropical tree, the cola tree. In some African countries cola nuts are so valuable they are used as money. The nuts have a bitter, aromatic taste, and people chew them for their stimulating effect. Bottled cola drinks have very little cola nut in them and do not taste like cola nuts at all. Though they do contain caffeine, it is usually synthetic caffeine or caffeine extracted from coffee or tea. These soft drinks are also drugs, and people can become dependent on them, as with coffee. Also, they contain a lot of sugar.

The combination of sugar and caffeine seems to be especially habit-forming. Many people drink enormous amounts of cola, and though they may think they are merely quenching their thirst, they are also consuming calories, enough sugar to damage their teeth (and possibly upset their metabolism), not to mention large doses of caffeine. Like other stimulants, cola drinks are not unhealthy if used in moderation; people who like them should just be aware of their nature and their potential for abuse.

In other parts of the world, people use a number of less well known caffeine plants. The national drink of Brazil is guaraná (pronounced gwah-rah-NAH), made from the seeds of a jungle shrub. It contains more caffeine than coffee and is often made into sweet, carbonated drinks. Recently, tablets of guaraná powder have appeared in health-food stores in the United States under such brand names as ZOOM and

ZING. These are being marketed as new organic stimulants from the Amazon jungle.

In Argentina the most popular caffeine drink is maté (pronounced mah-TAY), which is made from the leaves of a holly plant. Some kinds of maté taste like smoky tea. Maté leaves can be bought in most health-food stores and are ingredients in some herbal tea mixtures, such as Celestial Seasonings' Morning Thunder.

One of the most famous sources of caffeine is chocolate, also made from the seeds of a tropical tree. Chocolate, which contains a lot of fat and is very bitter, must be mixed with sugar to make it palatable. It, too, contains a stimulating drug, and cases of chocolate dependence are easy to find. You probably know a few "chocolate freaks." People who regularly consume chocolate or go on chocolate-eating binges may not realize they are involved with a drug, but their consumption usually follows the same sort of pattern as with coffee, tea and cola drinks. (Do you know any vanilla freaks or butterscotch freaks?)

Cacao was known to the ancient Aztecs, who considered it a sacred plant and used it in religious rituals. In moderation, chocolate is a pleasant and interesting addition to the diet, but overuse is not wise, especially since the combination of sugar, fat and drugs can be so habit-forming. People who tend to gain weight easily should be especially careful about their intake of chocolate.

Coca and Cocaine

Coca, a shrub native to the hot, humid valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes, has been cultivated by the Indians of South America for thousands of years. Today the plant is legal in Peru and Bolivia, where millions of Indians still chew coca leaves every day as a stimulant and medicine. (Coca, by the way, is not related to cocoa.)

Coca contains 14 drugs, cocaine being the most important. The other drugs are present in smaller amounts and seem to modify the stimulating effect of the cocaine. In addition, coca leaves contain many vitamins and minerals that are probably important in the diets of Indians who use them. There are several varieties of coca: some taste like green tea, some like wintergreen. Coca is used by putting the dried leaves in the mouth and working them into a large wad. People suck on this wad for 30 minutes or so, swallowing the juices, after which they spit out the residue. To get an effect from coca, a tiny amount

of some alkali, such as lime (the mineral, a white powder) or ashes, must be added to the wad of leaves.

After a few minutes of chewing coca, the mouth and tongue become numb; then people begin to experience the usual effects of stimulants. Unlike coffee, however, coca soothes the stomach and doesn't produce jitteriness. It may also be more powerful than caffeine in producing a good mood.

In the late 1800s, coca became very popular in Europe and America in the form of tonics and wines. Coca-Cola began as one of these early preparations. At the same time, scientists isolated cocaine from the leaves and made it available to doctors in the form of a pure white powder. As the first local

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anesthetic, cocaine revolutionized surgery, especially eye operations, which had formerly been terribly painful and difficult. In the 1880s doctors began to prescribe cocaine for all sorts of medical problems, including dependence on opiates and alcohol. It soon became apparent, however, that this kind of treatment was not a good idea, because many patients suffered ill effects from cocaine, and many became dependent on it. So, in the early 1900s, laws were passed against the widespread use of coca and cocaine. The Coca-Cola Company took cocaine out of its drink (it still contains a drug-free extract of the leaves as a flavor). Other coca products swiftly disappeared from the shelves of drugstores. Safer local anesthetics were invented in laborato-

ries, and today doctors use cocaine only for certain operations in the eye, nose, throat and mouth.

Meanwhile, a huge black market has developed to supply cocaine to the many people who like the feeling it gives. All illegal cocaine comes from leaves grown in South America, where it is refined. It is always cut (diluted) with various substances before reaching consumers here. Most people snort cocaine; that is, they snuff the powder up their noses. Used in this way, the effects of cocaine come on very fast, are very intense and are very short-lived. Some people shoot cocaine, that is, inject it intravenously, which gives even faster, more intense and shorter effects; and some people smoke a special form of cocaine called freebase in water pipes. Freebasing has become popular recently. It puts cocaine into the bloodstream even faster than intravenous injection and gives similar effects—very intense and very brief. Few people take cocaine by mouth, even though it works and is actually much safer that way.

Coca and cocaine are very different, and the difference is a good illustration of how it is easier to form good relationships with natural drugs than with isolated and refined ones.

Coca leaves contain low concentrations of cocaine (usually only one half of one percent), which are combined with other drugs that modify the effects of cocaine in a good way, and with valuable nutrients. The cocaine is highly diluted by inactive leaf material. What's more, getting stimulation from coca takes work: you have to chew a mouthful of leaves for half an hour. In this natural form, small amounts of cocaine enter the bloodstream slowly through the mouth and stomach.

Relatively pure street cocaine may contain 60 percent of the drug, which, when it is put directly into the nose, lungs or veins, enters the bloodstream all at once. The stimulation, or rush, is therefore very intense, but it lasts only a short time—usually disappearing within 15 minutes to a half hour—after which the user feels very down: tired, sluggish, unhappy. Because cocaine feels so good for so short a time and not so good immediately thereafter, people tend to go on using it, trying to get back the good feeling. Many people can't leave it alone if they have it, even though all they get from it after awhile are the unpleasant effects characteristic of all stimulants used in excess: anxiety, insomnia and general feelings of discomfort. Besides, snorting too much cocaine leads to irritation of the nose,

while smoking it may be bad for the lungs and is even more likely to lead to overuse and a stubborn habit.

Indians in South America, on the other hand, rarely have any problems with coca leaf. They can take it or leave it, continue to get good effects from it over time, and use the stimulation to help them work or socialize. They also use it as a medicine for a variety of illnesses, especially digestive ones. Among South American Indians there is little abuse of coca leaf.

In recent years, cocaine has become very fashionable in the United States. It is now very expensive, costing upwards of \$100 a gram or \$2,000 an ounce. (The smokable freebase form is even more costly.) A few people can easily go through a gram of cocaine in a single evening, and heavy users may develop habits costing \$15,000 a year and more. Occasional snorting of cocaine in social situations is probably not harmful, but one should be aware that the possibility of using it to excess is very real, and that the abuse of cocaine can have ill effects on physical and emotional health as well as on productivity.

It seems a shame that the laws and policies on drugs in our society have led to the disappearance of coca along with knowledge of its uses and benefits. At the same time, by outlawing something that many people want, they have made it profitable to smuggle the concentrated drug, and so have encouraged the growth of a vast black market in cocaine.

Amphetamines and Related Drugs

Amphetamines are synthetic stimulants that were invented in Germany in the 1930s. Their chemical structures resemble those of adrenalin and nora-drenalin, the body's own stimulants. Their effects resemble those of cocaine but are much longer-lasting. A single oral dose of amphetamine usually stimulates the body for at least four hours.

Amphetamines are more toxic than cocaine and, when abused, cause worse problems. The body has a great capacity to metabolize and eliminate cocaine: the liver can detoxify a lethal dose of cocaine every 30 minutes. It cannot handle amphetamines as efficiently. At the same time, people can establish stable relationships with amphetamines more easily than they can with cocaine, probably because the intensely pleasurable but very short effect of cocaine is more seductive and invites repetitive dosing.

For many years after their invention,

amphetamines were tolerated and their use was even encouraged by authorities. Soldiers in World War II received rations of amphetamines to make them march longer and fight better. The governments of several countries, among them the Soviet Union, experimented with giving amphetamines to factory workers, hoping to make them more productive (which, in the long run, they failed to do). Doctors in this country have prescribed them in great quantity for even less justified reasons.


In the 1950s and 1960s, the U.S. pharmaceutical industry manufactured enormous quantities of amphetamines, many of which turned up on the black market. The companies urged doctors to prescribe their products for depressed housewives and people with weight problems.

There are a number of different amphetamines, but all have the same basic effect. Plain amphetamine (Benzedrine) was the first to become popular. Dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine) and methamphetamine (Methedrine) are effective in lower doses but otherwise are similar to the parent compound. A few other drugs—methylphenidate (Ritalin), for example—resemble amphetamines in effect even though they have a different chemical structure.

Today we know that regular use of amphetamines, especially by people who are neurotic, depressed or fat, is not a good idea. Not only do the drugs fail to help their problems, they often complicate matters by creating another kind of dependence. Most of the cases of amphetamine abuse in the past 30 years have involved legally manufactured and prescribed drugs. Beginning in the 1970s, criticism of the promotional practices of pharmaceutical companies and of the prescribing practices of physicians brought about severe restrictions on the medical use of these compounds. Today amphetamines can be prescribed for only a few conditions.


One of the more controversial uses still permitted is the control of hyperactivity in young children. For unknown reasons, amphetamines (and other stimulants) have calming effects on young children. Unfortunately, the diagnosis of hyperactivity often falls on children who simply misbehave or don't pay attention in school. Giving them amphetamines not only fails to get to the root of the problem, it introduces young people to powerful drugs and encourages the false notion that all of life's problems can be solved by taking pills.

/ continued on page 70




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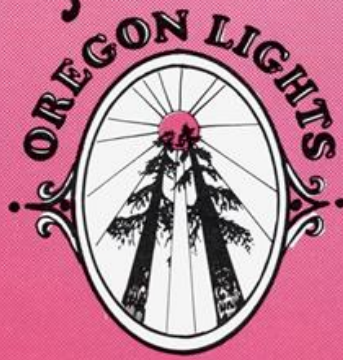


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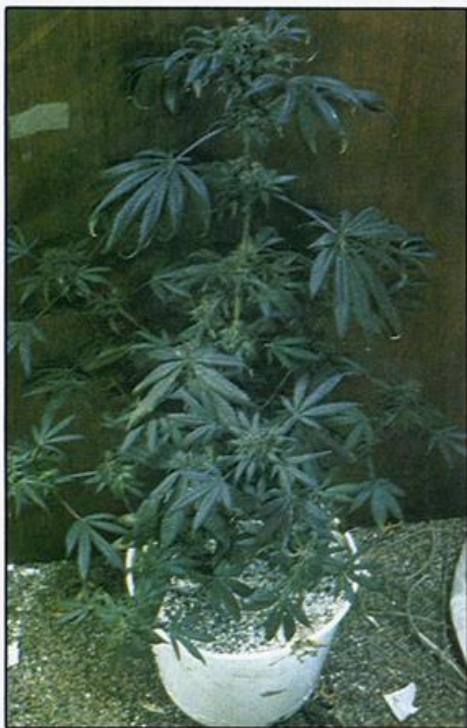


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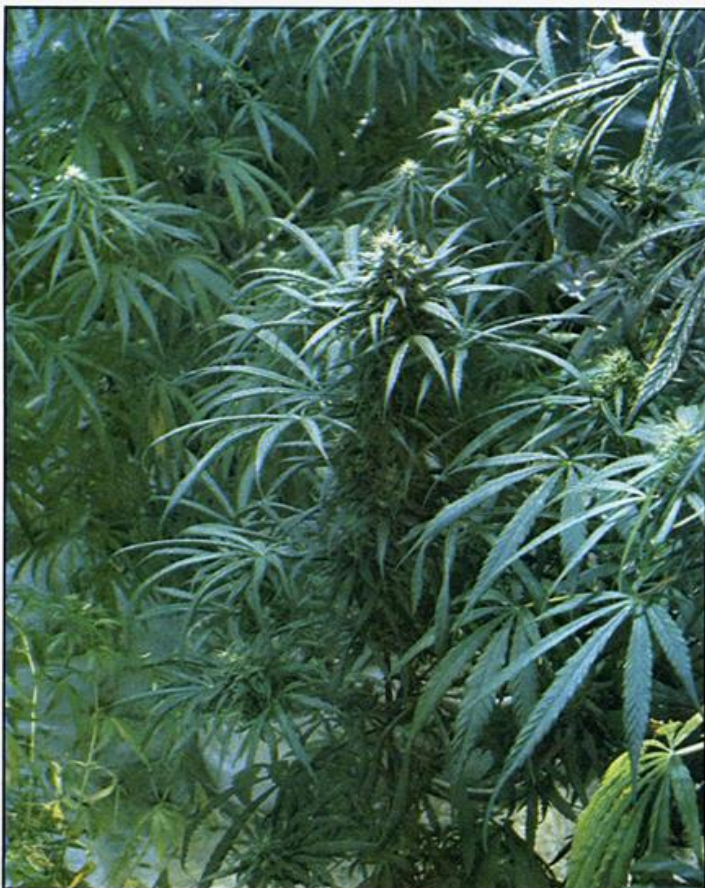
Above: Plants can be induced to flower at any time by regulating their growth cycle. This plant is barely a foot tall. Below, left: Female plants with young flowers. Below, right: Close-up of equatorial plant. When designing a garden, growers must take the plants' branching habits into account.

Government reports which discuss the perils of marijuana often refer to new sinsemilla marijuana strains that have a potency of 8 to 10 times the marijuana available 10 years ago. As usual, the government has messed up again. First of all, after working in the marijuana business for all these years, they should know that sinsemilla is a technique, not a variety.¹ Furthermore, 10 years ago, in 1973, there was some damn good dope around. Operation Intercept had put a dent in the Mexican market by forcing the Mexican authorities to crack down or risk interruption of economic ties with the United States. Mexican marijuana ranged in THC content from 1.5 to 4 percent. In its place, the Colombian market was coming on strong with beautiful high-grade blondes, golds and *punta rojas* ("red tips") which were upgrading American tastes. Southeast Asian varieties were

also in abundance back then, especially Vietnamese and Thai. They maintained a higher quality at that time, as did the occasional Laotian and Cambodian we'd get to see. The THC content of all these imports usually ranged from about 2.5 to 6.5 percent.

Sinsemilla's THC content ranges from about 3.5 to 7 percent, but can reach 11 percent. In the 10 years that sinsemilla growers have been perfecting their art, the quantity of THC has gone from an average of 4.5 to 5.25 percent, or a .75 percent increase.

The government is now trying to crack down on commercial plantations. This means that more aficionados will become homegrowers, many indoors. The quality of the marijuana they produce is generally 1 to 2 percent higher than the commercial now available, because the quality of the high is more important to them than the



Photography • Ed Rosenthal

Perfecting their art during the last 10 years, sinsemilla growers have managed to increase the THC content of their plants a whopping .75 percent.

economic factors that preoccupy commercial growers.

The government will probably view this situation with trepidation, figuring the better the pot, the more people who will want to smoke it. I see it as a healthy development: less smoke and fewer irritants will be inhaled while getting high, and the good pot will eventually drive the bad stuff out of circulation.

Sinsemilla is derived from the two Spanish words, "*sin*" and "*semilla*," meaning "without seed." Connoisseurs prize sinsemilla, partly because the marijuana has a greater potency and a richer aroma than the seeded, and partly because of its enhanced appearance. (Sinsemilla colas, though, do take two to four weeks longer than seeded marijuana to ripen.)

In order for the flowers to ripen unseeded, they must remain unfertilized. Since male and female flowers usually appear on separate plants, the males are removed as soon as they are recognized. This should be done early in their development, before any large flower clusters appear. Even a few open flowers can release enough pollen to fertilize thousands of female buds.

Males can be detected early by carefully examining the space where the leaf joins the stem (internode). Before the plant begins to develop flower clusters, a single male or female flower will sometimes develop in the internode. A male flower will have what looks like a bulb protruding out of a thin stem, and at the bulb's end there'll be a curved protrusion sticking out that looks something like a bent little finger. A female flower, on the other hand, will usually have two antennalike protrusions jutting out. Sometimes a sexually indistinguishable flower will appear. This phenomenon occurs at different times, depending on the plant's variety.

Prior to flowering, the plants' growth patterns vary according to sex. Males start to elongate, so that their spikes of flower clusters will tower over the females', allowing gravity and the wind to

carry their pollen grains to the female flowers ripening below. The female's leaves begin to grow closer together, forming a strong stem which will hold the clusters of flowers and later the ripening seed.

Of course, the males will never develop those long spikes because as soon as they indicate, they will be removed from the garden. They should be tasted for quality and other factors, such as early ripening and vigor, resistance to disease and pests, odor or any other characteristic important to you, and the best ones saved by either replanting them or taking cuttings of branches with developing flowers which can be kept alive in some water. The pollen collected from them can be used to produce next year's seeds.

Any plants which have not indicated should be watched closely, and the females should be watched for any signs of hermaphroditism. These plants are primarily female but they produce some fertile male flowers. This may consist of only a few clusters, an entire branch or occasional males throughout the plant. These plants are dangerous in any sinsemilla garden. Even a small cluster of flowers can ruin entire colas of buds on neighboring plants. Either the male flowers should be removed and the plant checked daily, or the plant should be removed from the garden—the safest course of action.

If after taking all these precautions, removing males and hermaphrodites from the garden *before* the flowers have completed development, the flowers still have more than a few seeds, then you have a sloppy neighbor growing pot within 500–600 feet of your garden.

A final word to those cultivators starting their plants indoors: you can sex your plants before transplanting them outside—just start the seedlings a month earlier than usual. When the plants have developed four sets of leaves, cut the light back to 12 hours a day. Within a week or two the plants will indicate. As soon as the plants are sexed, run the lights continuously so that the plants

are cycled back into the vegetative growth stage.

Different varieties have different growing habits and characteristic shapes. These shapes can be altered by pruning and training. Even plants that characteristically have little side-branching can be filled out by pinching the top growth at its earliest state. (To pinch a plant, remove the branch of the topmost leaves which are still developing. This can be done with a sharp knife, or even a fingernail.) Characteristically, the four topmost branches will start to accelerate growth. If the new growth is pinched again at the fourth or fifth internode, a bush will result. Usually it is easier to plant according to the varieties' growth habits, therefore not having to do much pinching. A little pinching increases the total weight of the plant as long as there are no limiting factors (lack of water, light or nutrients), but massive pinching operations only cause the plant to develop a larger number of smaller buds.

Plants that are self-branching may not need any help, but pinching the center stem will encourage them to bush even more. Conversely, the side stems can be removed so that all of the plant's growth is in the development of a giant center bud.

Marijuana plants can be trained by bending the whole plant or some of its branches down. A tall plant can be bent over, even if the stem is partially cracked. Just seal with pruning compound and keep the soil moist. If the day is hot the plant can be relieved from sun stress by shading it with a piece of white plastic or a thin cotton covering. Spread the branches out. In a few days the plant's new growth will start growing vertically again. Eventually, the plant's colas will look like spikes growing from horizontal branches. Individual branches can be tied or weighted down to permit more light to penetrate the interior. □

¹At the University of Mississippi, the government pot farm still does not cultivate sinse.

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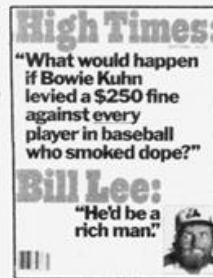
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THE JOCKEY

He was already big enough to control one ton of racing beast. But could he tame the wild filly who served him his breakfast every morning?

Warming up *Blue Mongoose* on the backstretch before the last race, Larry Peterson noticed that the horse was really rank, almost spooked. Larry had been riding for 15 years and he knew his horses. This one really had a bug up its ass.

Larry tried to let the horse ease out of it, but at post time things weren't any better. He rode up to the gate ahead of the other horses and found McKelvey. He told McKelvey, "This fucking beast is unfit. I want him scratched."

"He looks all right to me," McKelvey answered. Larry knew that McKelvey was one of those stewards who worried that the money the track lost on a scratch was a serious matter. The money loss was negligible, though, because the fools got their money back and bet it on something else.

Larry dismounted and gave the reins to McKelvey: "Get a feel of this skitterish motherfucker! See if you can hold him on the ground!"

McKelvey was a big fat guy, he grabbed the reins. *Blue Mongoose* bucked, rolled his head. The horse was in a lather.

"You son of a bitch, calm down!" McKelvey yelled at the horse. He yanked at the reins and swung the horse in a circle, then in another and then another.

"McKelvey, you're only making him worse!"

McKelvey pulled the horse straight and glared at Peterson: "Nothing wrong with him, Larry! Either you mount up or I'm recommending they ground you five racing days for refusing to ride a fit mount!"

"You're taking the food out of my mouth, McKelvey!"

"Ride or starve, boy!"

"Shit!"

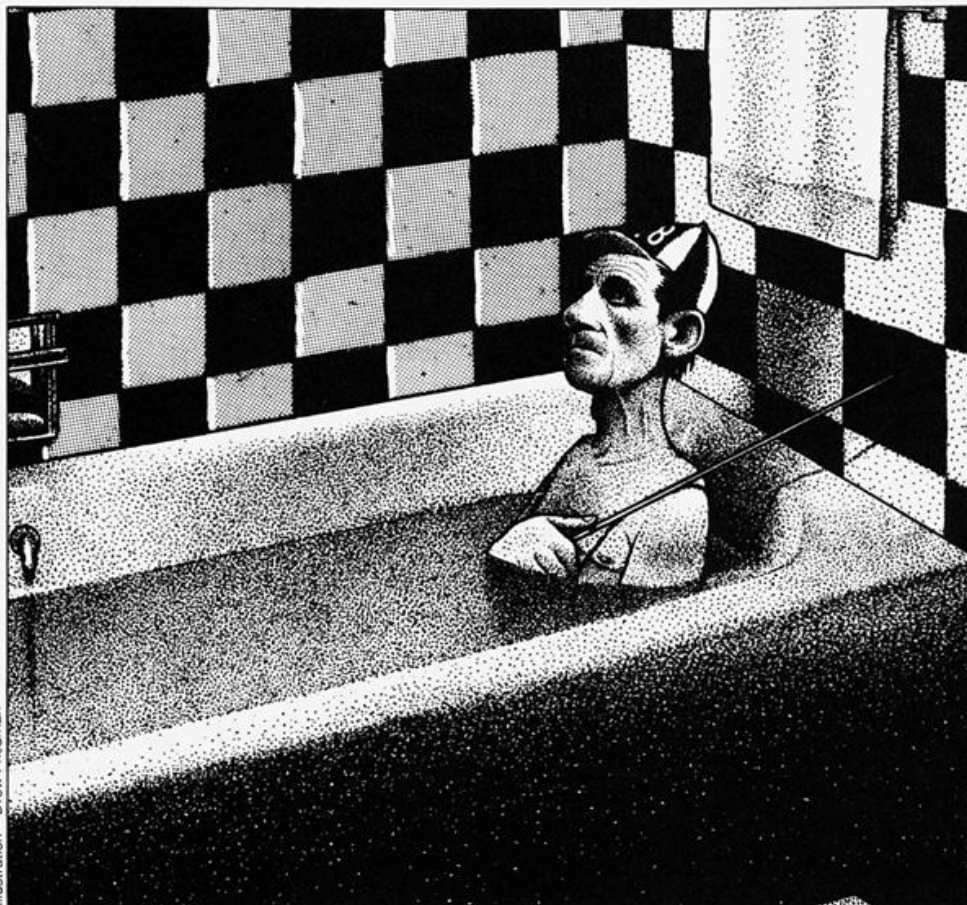


Illustration • Drew Friedman

Larry mounted. The crowd, not knowing anything, applauded. *Blue Mongoose* was the 8 horse. They had the first seven in. *Mongoose* wouldn't enter his stall. Several of the gate men pushed at the horse's rump until they got him in. The beast was quivering and snorting. When they placed the 9 horse into the stall next to him, that did it—*Mongoose* spooked, he reared high in the gate and dumped Larry loose and backwards, hard into the dirt. It was some bang but he was still conscious. He moved slowly, getting up. Then he walked around, limping, his right leg

throbbing. He was dizzy and he had bitten his tongue.

Larry spit out some blood and there was the fat boy standing there looking at him. Larry said, "McKelvey, you son of a bitch, I hate every part of you!"

McKelvey gave the order and then the announcer came on over the public address system: "Ladies and Gentlemen, by order of the stewards, *Blue Mongoose* is scratched from this race. Your tickets will be refunded..."

Larry walked off the track and down through the tunnel.

A bad day, one third-place finish and four out of the money and one of them had been a 6 to 5 shot. Larry liked to run on or near the pace. Seemed like his agent never got him any early foot horses anymore.

He got to the locker room, took off his tack. His valet was gone, the fucker had a hot date with a McDonald's counter girl...

It was nice under the shower. Lance Griffith was a stall or two down—he'd finished second in the feature race with a 16 to 1 shot and was feeling pretty good.

"Hey, Larry!"

"Yeah?"

"Let's go and get fucked tonight!"

"I'm a married man, Lance—"

"What the hell's that got to do with it? I am too!"

"I don't play it that way—"

"Don't be a fool, Larry, while we're riding those horses, our old ladies are riding something else."

"I don't look at it that way—"

"You think they sleep with us because we scale in at a hundred fourteen? You've got some learning coming your way, man."

"Listen, I just got thrown by my last mount. I don't want to listen to a lot of shit."

"Okay, Larry, okay."

The right leg had stiffened, and driving in was painful.

Goddamn McKelvey, worried about the track take. That track would be there long after all of them were gone.

He pulled into the drive, got it into the garage, went up the steps to the door, opened it and Karina was on the telephone, all lovely six feet of her. Larry was like most of the other jocks: he liked tall women. Long hair. Class. College education.

"Reena, baby," he said.

Karina glanced at Larry, waved an arm, mostly to motion him off. She was heavy into the phone.

"Yeah, mom, well, listen...you should take better care of yourself... You need more friends... Oh, I can tell when you're down... I know your voice intonations... Listen, when are you coming to visit us? Everything's lovely here... The trees are bearing fruit: tangerines, oranges, lemons... Larry and I love your company!... What? Oh, don't be foolish! I mean it! Look, here's Larry!"

Karina glanced at him, forcefully, said in a quiet voice: "Say hello to mama!"

Larry was like most jocks: he liked tall women. Long hair. Class. College education.

Larry took the phone. "Hello, Stella... How you doing?... That's good... Oh, I just got in... What? Oh, I've been riding... No, no winners today... Tomorrow maybe... Yes, oh, yes, it's warm out here... Well, look, you be good now... Here's Karina..."

He handed the phone to his wife. Then he walked across the room and up the stairway. He went into the bathroom and let the hot water run into the tub. The leg was really getting stiff.

Larry walked to the bedroom, took off his shoes and stockings. Then, sitting on the bed, he tried to get out of his pants. The right leg had stiffened. The pain was immense. He could hardly get his pants off. Struggling with it all, he laughed. It was so ridiculous. Then he had the pants off.

The undershirt and shorts were easier. He managed to get up. He took a few steps. The leg held up. He moved toward the bathroom. He got in there, bent over the tub, ran in some cold water and mixed it into the hot with his hand. As he was bent over the tub like that, Karina walked in.

"I think you were a little offhand with mom—"

"Reena, I didn't mean to be. I just couldn't think of anything to say—"

"You couldn't? Well, you could try a little harder. Mother has feelings just like anybody else! That woman has been through a lot, she's a brave and a wonderful woman."

Larry stood up, looked at the bathroom wall behind the tub.

"Kid, I'm sure she is—"

"You really don't mean that, you're just saying that—"

"Well, hell, I don't really know your mother."

Larry managed to climb into the tub. The water seemed about right. He eased himself into the water. That hot water was so good on the leg...

"Well, you should make an effort to know her."

Karina stood over him, so tall there, staring down at him. All that body. Those graceful legs. Some filly. And she knew how to dress. Style, class. Grooming.

That long hair. Red mixed with gold. And natural. Those green deep eyes. Those eyes that could laugh. And those perfect teeth. Nice nose, nice chin. Neck a bit long. But a good mind. And she knew how to dress. She had on his favorite, the dark blue dress that fit just right.

"I said, 'You should make an effort to know her!'"

"Reena, I'm really beat—"

"Thinking of yourself. Always thinking of yourself, your goddamned self!"

"Goddamned self?"

"Don't you think there's anybody else around? Just you, the great jockey? And lately, the not-so-great jockey!"

"Reena, are you about to have your period?"

"No, are you? Are you about to have your period?"

Karina leaned over the tub, her hands resting on the edge, her gold red hair swirling down.

"Listen, babe, I'm sorry if—"

"Don't babe me!"

Larry decided to give it up. There was nothing to say. Words would just lead to more ugliness.

Just peeking a bit he saw her smile and he thought, ah, it's going to get better, the whole thing was some kind of joke.

But it wasn't that kind of smile.

And then it left. And then he heard her again.

"So, now you're withdrawing! You don't want to talk to me!"

Larry splashed some water up under his chin, feeling quite foolish as he did so.

"Look, Reena, let's forget everything and start all over. Let's have a drink and ease off. Things aren't that bad—"

Karina leaned closer. "A drink? A drink, a drink, a drink, a drink. A little drink... That solves everything, doesn't it?"

"It helps—"

"Can't you face anything without a drink?"



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STIMULANTS

/ continued from page 63

As legal supplies and uses of amphetamines dwindled, black markets in them grew, and as so often happens, this change promoted abuse. In the days of legal pills, most users took them by mouth. Today many people snort powdered amphetamines in the same way as cocaine, and some even inject them intravenously.

Intravenous use of amphetamines first appeared in the late 1960s. Young "speed freaks" who fell into this pattern of use experienced very bad effects on their bodies and minds. After only a few weeks, they became emaciated and generally unhealthy; they stayed up for days on end, then "crashed" into stupors. They became jumpy, paranoid and even psychotic. The drug subculture itself, realizing the dangers of shooting amphetamines, warned people about it with the phrase "speed kills."

A number of people find amphetamines useful for specific purposes. For example, some college students use them to study for or take exams. Some writers take them to work. Truckers and other drivers sometimes take them for long-distance travel on highways, especially at night. Athletes, such as football players, sometimes use them to play big games. Actors and dancers take them occasionally to perform. Used in this way—that is, taken by mouth on occasion for specific purposes or projects—amphetamines do not usually cause problems, especially if people rest afterward. Problems arise when people take amphetamines all the time, just because they like the feeling of stimulation.

Some Rules for Using Stimulants Safely

Because stimulants are so common, most people will use one or another at some time. If you become involved with any stimulant, here are some rules that will help you stay in a good relationship with it:

1. *Limit your frequency of use.* All trouble with stimulants arises from using them too often. If you like the feeling a stimulant gives, it is all too easy to let your frequency of use creep up. Set limits! For example, never take a stimulant two days in a row.
2. *Use stimulants purposefully.* Taking these drugs just to feel good will not help you limit your use. If you are

going to take a stimulant, you should use the stimulation for something—a physical or mental task, for instance. One side-benefit of such purposeful use is that the satisfaction of accomplishment will offset the letdown when the drug wears off.

3. *Do not take stimulants to help you perform ordinary functions.* You should be able to get up in the morning, move your bowels and make it through the afternoon without drugs. If you cannot, you should change your patterns of diet, sleep and exercise. Relying on stimulants for everyday activity leads to too-frequent use and dependence.

4. *Take stimulants by mouth.* Putting these drugs more directly into the bloodstream (as by snorting, smoking or shooting) accentuates the letdown following the up and encourages frequent administration. It also increases the harmful effects on the body.

5. *Take dilute forms of stimulants rather than concentrated ones.* The more dilute the preparation of a stimulant, the easier it is for the body to adjust to it, and the more gentle the letdown at the end. Preparations of plants such as coffee and tea are naturally more dilute than refined or synthetic drugs, and are easier to stay in good relationships with.

6. *Maintain good habits of nutrition, rest and exercise.* Remember that stimulants force your body to give up its stores of chemical energy. Whenever you use stimulants, especially if you take them with any regularity, it is important to let your body recharge itself. The healthier you are, the less you will feel you need outside stimulation.

7. *Do not combine stimulants with depressants or other drugs.* Combinations of drugs always complicate matters. Some people can't sleep at night because they take too many stimulants during the day. So they take depressants at night. Then they can't get moving in the morning and have to take more stimulants. This pattern of drug-taking quickly leads to trouble.

It should not be difficult to use stimulants wisely and stay in good relationships with them. They are not answers to the ups and downs of life, and taking them to try to avoid the downs only leads to problems. Nor do they give anything for nothing. Users pay later for any energy and good feeling stimulants give them. If you remain aware of what stimulants are and how they work, you will be able to avoid the trap of becoming dependent on them. □

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REEFER MADNESS:

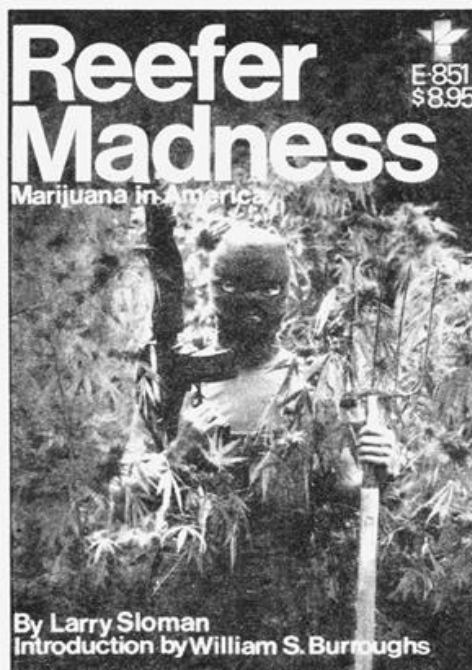
The History of Marijuana in America

Part II: The Gore File. by Larry Sloman

From 1932 to 1936 Anslinger strongly supported the Uniform State Laws, urging that the cannabis section be included by each state. The Bureau lobbied before each legislature in which the act was pending, oftentimes with agents doing the actual political pressuring. Anslinger himself made numerous speeches and radio broadcasts, drumming up public support for the legislation. However, by April 1933, only two states had enacted the Uniform Act in full, and by March 1935, only eight more had acted.

So by late 1934 Anslinger devised a new strategy to secure passage and arouse public opinion. Rather than merely noting the need for the Uniform Narcotic Act by states to combat drug problems, he focused specifically on the marijuana menace. By the 1935 issue of "Traffic in Opium," a substantial portion of that report dealt with marijuana. Whereas in the past, marijuana might have received a page or two, 13 pages of that year's report dealt with this new problem, including four full pages of photographs showing marijuana plants, leaves, cigarettes and seized bulk shipments.

By the end of 1935 it seemed that Anslinger's new strategy was working. Perhaps too well. By focusing on marijuana to secure the passage of the Uniform State Act, a Frankenstein was set loose on the land, driving our Mexican citizens loco, setting Negro against Negro, and tempting the innocent youth of our nation through an army of peddlers who would lurk by the schoolyards and entreat the innocents with "Wanna have fun? Hey, kid! Wanna have fun?"



The newspapers renewed their assault with a vengeance. In early 1936, under the headline MURDERS DUE TO 'KILLER DRUG' MARIHUANA SWEEPING UNITED STATES, Universal News Service writer Kenneth Clark wrote this lead for a widely syndicated story:

Shocking crimes of violence are increasing. Murders, slaughterings, cruel mutilations, maimings, done in cold blood, as if some hideous monster was amok in the land.

Alarmed Federal and State authorities attribute much of this violence to the "killer drug."

That's what experts call Marihuana. It is another name for hashish. It's a derivative of Indian hemp, a roadside weed in almost every State in the Union...

Those addicted to marihuana, after an early feeling of exhilaration, soon lose all restraints, all inhibitions. They become bestial demoniacs, filled with the mad lust to kill...

And the solution, of course, was not only the Uniform State Act, but a broader and stronger federal law that would bring marijuana under control:

Do you know the Federal Government has no authority to arrest and imprison traffickers in death-dealing marihuana?

Unfortunately, it's true. Uncle Sam can deal with opium, heroin, morphine, cocaine, but the production and use of marihuana within the United States are not prohibited by federal law. Strange, isn't it?

But, newspaper reports notwithstanding, the marijuana "problem" appeared to be overstated even by 1936. The majority of the public felt no concern for this issue, which was still, for all intents and purposes, limited to a small geographical and demographic segment of the country. And it is fair to say that the drive to federally outlaw marijuana had strong racial overtones. Not only were marijuana-crazed Mexicans and blacks objects of fear, but the possible association of blacks and young whites for the purpose of illicit thrills was enough to send any Rotarian, WCTU card-carrying member, Women's clubber, or any church-going WASP running for the cover of oppressive laws.

Indicative of the thinly veiled racism surrounding the issue was a letter to Anslinger from Floyd Baskette, a friend of the commissioner's, who was city ed-

itor of the Alamosa, Colorado, *Daily Courier*. On September 4, 1936, Baskette wrote the Bureau:

Two weeks ago a sex-mad degenerate, named Lee Fernandez, brutally attacked a young Alamosa girl. He was convicted of assault with intent to rape and sentenced to ten to fourteen in the state penitentiary. Police officers here know definitely that Fernandez was under the influence of marihuana.

But this case is one in hundreds of murders, rapes, petty crimes, insanity that has occurred in Southern Colorado in recent years...

The people and officials here want to know why something can't be done about marihuana...

Is there any assistance your bureau can give us in handling this drug? Can you suggest campaigns? Can you enlarge your department to deal with marihuana? Can you do anything to help us?

I wish I could show you what a small marihuana cigaret can do to one of our degenerate Spanish-speaking residents. That's why our problem is so great; the greatest percentage of our population is composed of Spanish-speaking persons, most of whom are low mentally, because of social and racial conditions.

While the pressure on the Bureau mounted, Anslinger cast about for solutions. In March 1936 he proposed a way around the constitutional objections of including marijuana in the Harrison Act. Anslinger proposed to his superiors in the Treasury Department that a treaty be enacted among the United States, Canada and Mexico. Basing this suggestion on the doctrine of *Missouri v. Holland*, the famous migratory-bird case, the commissioner felt that a cannabis treaty between these countries would enable Congress to enact legislation to enforce the treaty's terms, even if in so doing it would touch on matters ordinarily regarded as within the legislative province of the states. The *Missouri v. Holland* case of 1920 stated that treaties have precedence over local police powers.

On March 13, Herman Oliphant, a counsel for the Treasury Department, wrote a memo to Stephen Gibbons, assistant secretary of the treasury, stating that "both the time and the subject appear to be appropriate from the Government's point of view to test the treaty power." Anslinger then entered into negotiations with Mexico and Canada, but in a few months the negotiations had broken down.

By October 1936, things seemed to be

reaching a breaking point. Gibbons happened to meet the dean of the Medical School of the University of Texas en route to Europe, who was very perturbed that the Bureau of Narcotics was dragging its feet on federal legislation of marijuana. Gibbons himself, as early as April 13, 1935, had overruled Anslinger and threw the Treasury Department's support behind early draft versions of bills by Senator Hatch and Congressman Dempsey of New Mexico to prohibit the shipment and transportation of cannabis in interstate or foreign commerce.

On returning to Washington, Gibbons fired off a memo to Oliphant on October 5, 1936. In it he recounted his meeting with the Medical School dean and reinstated Anslinger's view on the constitutional difficulties:

I, of course, appreciate what is in the back of Commissioner Anslinger's mind. While he hasn't stated definitely, I am of the opinion that he and nearly everyone having anything to do with the Harrison Narcotics Act are continually fighting shy of making any move which might bring any feature of this Act before the United States Supreme Court. As you will recall, the law was upheld by a five to four decision. However, be that as it may, steps should be taken legally or otherwise that will definitely control this product, for if we are to believe a small fraction of what is written it is frightfully devastating.

Much of those "frightfully devastating" reports, of course, were emanating from Mr. Anslinger's office and being received by a grateful yellow-tinged press. The Bureau was beginning to amass scores and scores of case histories of crime and insanity due to marijuana. Even the most tenuous connections were accepted with open files. Anslinger at times would go overboard in his zeal to generate negative publicity about the green plant. On December 23, 1936, responding to an inquiry about crime and marijuana from P. F. Collier and Son, magazine publishers, Anslinger was forced to admit that the Bureau's data was suspect:

So far as I know, no student of crime has as yet made any direct study of the relative percentage of violent crime which is attributable to the use of Marihuana. [He obviously was not yet aware of Bromberg or had conveniently forgotten.] Recently we have received quite a number of reports showing crimes of violence committed by persons while under the influence of Marihuana; usually by dramatic methods...

Apparently many of the users of Marihuana are quickly reduced to insanity and to criminal acts; and it is my opinion that the incidents shown in the enclosed summary bear rather eloquent testimony as to the relation of crime with Marihuana.

However, in many of the cases, we are unacquainted with the previous mental and moral characteristics and habits of the persons committing crimes while under the influence of Marihuana, so it can readily be seen that a final and conclusive statement in this regard is not yet in order. In most of the cases under observation, we do not have their criminal records; we do not know whether they were psychopaths, neurotics, moral delinquents, or normal individuals.

The Marihuana problem is of comparatively recent origin in this country, and further investigations, both scientific and statistical, must be made and carefully studied. In the meantime, conclusions must be drawn from the facts at hand, which in themselves are enlightening, as witness the enclosed.

The letter went out intact except for the last sentence, which was deleted at the request of one of Anslinger's superiors, assistant secretary Gaston. It would mark the last time Anslinger would be so candid with respect to the highly questionable nature of the "facts" the Bureau was propagating about marijuana. In seven short months, in *American Magazine*, there would be no inkling that psychopaths might be committing these murders; or that severely disturbed persons might be crushing their bodies to a pulp in long suicide leaps. No, by July the sociological questions raised in the letter would be irrelevant to the commissioner. By July the nation would be poised on the brink of its second great Prohibition; and Anslinger, good soldier that he was, would be merely doing his best to isolate the enemy, strip it of sympathy, infuse it with supernatural powers which, in the hands of the weak-willed, spelled certain doom. Even if it was, after all, just a sturdy old weed.

By 1937 the Treasury Department was poised to strike. Gibbons and Gaston, working with Oliphant, were convinced that federal legislation was inevitable and necessary even if the steps taken were "legal or otherwise." So proposed legislation was drawn up. And with an eye toward preparing a satisfactory legal definition of marijuana, a conference on *Cannabis sativa* was called at the Treasury Department in Washington on January 14, 1937. Repre-

D.C. Court sentences shockingly low. Gov. Justice law no help. Lowest in country and highest crime ratio. Comparison with Baltimore and other cities. A haven for criminals. D.C. police active and doing all possible.

of their own.

"It occurs to me, Dr. Wollner, that if we get a law, we have to support it and everything in it when we go before the committee." Tennyson was catching on. "We have here some other uses—I don't know whether I am anticipating one of these questions or not. There is a use for fiber, for birdseed and for oil in the varnish industry. Those people will probably come in and complain about what they consider a foolish attempt to control if we try to make this all-inclusive. If we are going to cast suspicion on every part of the plant we certainly will have to be fortified."

Of course Tennyson was right. In 1937 cannabis still had a multitude of legitimate industrial uses, the above-mentioned including a good bulk of them. And, as we shall see later, Tennyson was also right about the protests on behalf of those industries during the deliberations on the bill.

The problem was complicated by the fact that there was no technology available to determine how much of the active part of the plant was in each constituent part. After throwing around a few more suggestions, Valaer of the Alcohol Tax Unit suggested that the bill should tax the green resin, rather than any constituent parts of the plant. "I would rather see us go further and, say, identify a green resin which is apparently in both male and female plants... If it is not a definite structure we could say it is a green resin. We have been very successful in court. I don't know of any case where anybody has fallen down. If we go too far I'm afraid we are going to get into trouble... If you want to get this into effect within the next year or so, if we get as far as a green resin characteristic of the plant, we will accomplish something."

This suggestion seemed to disturb Anslinger. "I'm afraid of making it too complicated," the commissioner broke in. "The agents out in the sticks would be confused."

Wollner then suggested that the bill's definition of marijuana include the resin, the leaves and the flowering tops of the plant. The seeds would be excluded from the bill. Anslinger demurred again. "The reason I'm after the seed is the preventive measure. Getting the seed out will make our trouble disappear." It was a pipe dream. Sievers, a Department of Agriculture pharmacologist, noted the parallel situation with respect to poppies from which heroin was made. "Isn't that the same situation you have with regard to poppy? You can grow them in this country for seed

legally, can't you?"

"That's probably true," Tennyson admitted, "but we like to discourage that as far as possible."

"There is no law at present that would prohibit me from growing poppy as seed poppy," Sievers continued.

"In every case I know of where it was done, we got the defendant," Anslinger boasted ominously.

Tipton, who was from the General Counsel's office of the Treasury Department, the drafters of the bill, attempted to sum up. "Your suggested definition is the flowering tops, the leaves and this greenish resin?" he asked Wollner.

"But that doesn't satisfy Commissioner Anslinger because potentially every seed is harmful?" Wollner repeated respectfully.

"Our experience has been that in almost every large seizure made we got a large quantity of the seed from the defendant for growing purposes," Anslinger cautioned.

Wollner's face lit up. "What would happen if we proscribed the use of seed for birdseed?"

"Dr. Munch told me it would stop the birds from singing," Anslinger noted ruefully.

After more discussion centering on the advisability of using the term marijuana or cannabis in the language of the bill, Wollner began interrogating Tipton with respect to the motivation of the counsel's staff in regard to the bill.

"Would you be authorized to issue specific regulations interpreting this?" he asked.

"You have to be pretty specific in your act," Tipton replied.

"Would you be undertaking too much if you exempted the oil?" Wollner wondered.

"In our transfer tax we could make exemptions for the paint companies." Pierce, also from the General Counsel's office, was mindful of the paint industry that utilized large volumes of cannabis seed oil.

"If you're going to take care of those things in your transfer tax, why not take care of the stalk there too?" Wollner suggested.

"We could," Pierce agreed. "We are attempting to thrust the marijuana traffic into legal channels where it will be taxed some."

Wollner pressed on. "What is that predicated on?"

"Physical transfer," Tennyson piped in.

Wollner then had a brainstorm. "Suppose I grew the stuff myself?"

"You are taxed as a producer," Tip-

ton, the eternal bureaucrat, replied.

"Would the tax on that be prohibitive?" Wollner was acting as the devil weed's advocate.

"No; by paying twenty-five dollars, I think you can grow and smoke all the marijuana you like," Tipton theorized.

"Is it incumbent upon you to see that no one else smokes it?" Wollner's questions were beginning to have a practical ring about them.

"There is a transfer tax which is prohibitive and, of course, criminal penalties," Pierce explained patiently.

"And the responsibility rests on the enforcement officer to show that there was a transfer?" Wollner's thumb was getting greener by the minute.

"Yes," Pierce answered succinctly, and the conference moved on.

But what an exchange! Here was the principal architect behind the federal bill that would be the major marijuana prohibitionist legislation for the next 32 years candidly admitting that the intent of the bill was not to outlaw personal use. And here was Anslinger, prohibitionist extraordinaire, remaining silent as Tipton allowed Wollner his theoretical grass for personal consumption. So it seemed that the alcohol prohibition model was really in operation here, the sanctions being directed against the exchange and transfer of marijuana, not the individual personal consumption per se. But could this revisionist interpretation of the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act be valid? Wasn't someone going to mention the state laws that, in some cases, outlawed possession of the dread substance? Surely Anslinger was about to say something—he who was so concerned with every last birdseed being accounted for. Wollner, after this incredible exchange with Tipton and Pierce, gave Anslinger his chance.

"Commissioner Anslinger, have you any suggestions?" The talk had shifted to the proposed definition.

"No, I think that's going to be a great improvement over the definition we started with," Anslinger crowed. "I wanted to show the extent of the traffic and give some of the gentlemen an idea of this problem to show we are not on a fishing expedition." How defensive! Were these the words of a moral entrepreneur or a good soldier? "Last year there were two hundred ninety-six seizures we know about. The illicit traffic has shown up in almost every state. There was a question about forms of cannabis derivatives employed medically. This will take care of that trade, won't it? Is the tax to be prohibitive as to the trade? We prepared for the legal



Licata killed his mother and father and Anslinger blamed it on boo.



THE MOST HEINOUS CRIME OF 1933

Victor Licata, Tampa, Florida, on October 17, 1933, while under the influence of Marihuana, murdered his Mother, Father, Sister and Two Brothers, WITH AN AXE while they were asleep.

U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency

division a statement as to what was used. We had a list of about three hundred compounds."

"We have allowed exemptions in another part of the law for medical or veterinary uses," Pierce was succinct.

"Even that's going to be awfully expensive, Mr. Pierce," Tennyson worried.

"I was surprised to hear some medical experts at Geneva recently say that it has absolutely no medical use," Anslinger broke in. "I think the Indian delegate wanted to know what he was going to do for his corn plaster, and one of the medicos said it wasn't the cannabis, but something else, that had this analgesic effect."

"We have shown that cannabis has no local analgesic effect," Munch, the horse expert, concluded glibly.

Apparently the conference was getting to Anslinger. All this talk about resin and corn plasters and bioassays seemed to have given the commissioner what would be known in the late '60s among acidheads as the "Swiss-Cheese Effect." Anslinger's contributions were getting more and more inappropriate. But then again, perhaps it was only the dread manifestations of Case Envy rearing its ugly head. After all, it had been a few hours, experts from all sides of this issue had wielded their knowledge so adroitly with respect to this issue, and there sat the commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics, the agency that for godsakes was entrusted to enforce this damn proposed Act—there

he sat like a bump on a log, reduced to counting birdseed. It was ignoble, and Anslinger would put a stop to it. After all, he was the master of the case history. Ever since the first rumblings from the provinces suggesting that some political hay be made from this psychic hay, Anslinger was there, snip-snipping newspaper articles, magazine pieces, letters, building up a file on this new deadly drug. All those hours of research, documenting the depravity in the wake of the weed, and not one of these goddamn chemists or medicos or legal-beagles was going to ask him about spattered cerebrums or stone-wild libidos or addlebrained adolescents. Anslinger could take it no longer. If these out-to-lunch academics wouldn't ask the right questions, he'd ask himself. This he did.

"What are the proofs that the use of marihuana, in any of its forms, is habit-forming or addictive, and what are the indications and positive proofs that such addiction develops socially undesirable characteristics in the user?" Anslinger was reading question number 14 from the marijuana questionnaire that his own Bureau had circulated in anticipation of this conference. And of course he answered himself.

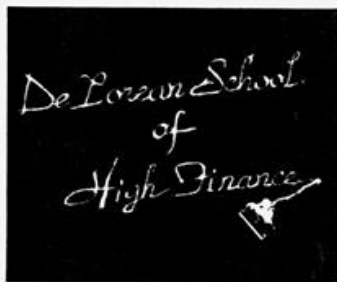
"We have a lot of cases showing that it certainly develops undesirable characteristics. We have a case of a boy about fifteen." At last he was reading from one of his files. He was giving expert testimony! Unfortunately for the

sake of history, the poor stenographer who was taking down this meeting apparently blanched at the grisly details of this horror story, for the transcript discreetly reads "reads from report of case" at this point. However, given the track record of the Bureau, we may rest assured that our wildest, most lurid, debased and grotesque fantasies probably do not hold a candle to what happened on that playground to those innocent youngsters in Finley, Ohio. Perhaps it is better that we remain ignorant. "This took place in a community playground in Finley, Ohio. The playground supervisors were the men who were selling the stuff. It all developed from the case of this youngster who was evidently going crazy. That's only one of the many cases we have."

A silence fell on the room. This was strong stuff for these gentle chemists, so used to administering their measured doses of cannabis extract to their lab dogs or cats or cute furry little mice. Anslinger had dragged those angry urban streets into their sterile environments, and they were uneasy. But the story struck a cord in the cagey Mr. Tipton. He saw just the thing he needed to ramrod this objectionable bill down the throats of a lackluster Congress. Something that could shut up those noisy birdseed manufacturers or those paint distributors or paper makers or whoever would suddenly get very pissed to find out that their legitimate industry was about to be wiped off the face of

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the earth because a few loco spics and some sex-crazed niggers were smoking a goddamn wild weed and going bananas behind it. No, Anslinger had really whetted Tipton's appetite, and a sly smile crossed the counselor's face.

"Have you a lot of cases on this?" Tipton politely inquired. "Horror stories—that's what we want."

That's what they got, too. Anslinger had always had a bent for the tawdry, as the shark episode demonstrated. And with a green light from his superiors, the commissioner gave full rein to the seamiest, darkest side of his personality. Anslinger the ghoul reigned supreme. A gore file was started, and the ghastliest, most heinous cases, some with very flimsy substantiation, became grist for the "horror story" mill. And, not surprisingly, many of these stories involved interracial contact. The following were some of Anslinger's "Top Ten":

West Va.—Negro raped a girl eight years of age.

Two Negroes took a girl fourteen years old and kept her for two days in a hut under the influence of marihuana. Upon recovery she was found to be suffering from syphilis.

Negro, charged with burglary, so impressed jury with his story of people jumping out of their graves and grabbing him that he got a hung jury. He admitted that he was a marihuana smoker.

Colored students at the Univ. of Minn. partying with female students (white) smoking and getting their sympathy with stories of racial persecution. Result pregnancy.

Undercover agent invited to marihuana party. Suggestion that everyone take off their pants, both male and female. Agent dropped blackjack while disrobing and had to arrest immediately.

In New Jersey in 1936, a particularly brutal murder occurred, in which case one young man killed another, literally smashing his face and head to a pulp. One of the defenses was that the defendant's intellect was so prostrated from his smoking Marihuana cigarettes that he did not know what he was doing. The defendant was found guilty and sentenced to a long term of years. The prosecutor was convinced that Marihuana had been indulged in, that the smoking had occurred, and the brutality of the murder was accounted for by the narcotic, though the defendant's intellect had not been totally prostrate, so the ver-

dict was legally correct. The fury of the murderer was apparent. Not content with killing his friend, he tore out his tongue, his eyes, and so mutilated him that even the hardened coroner had to turn his eyes away from the gruesome sight.

Corpus Christi—Gov. of Texas told me of a case he knew about personally, and one which in some measure influenced him to destroy 600 acres of hemp. An oil worker, good character, smoked a cigarette, raped his six-year-old daughter. When his wife returned home in the evening, she found him lying across the bed in a stupor and the little child torn and bleeding. He couldn't remember. Was sentenced to death.

A gang of seven young men, all under 20 years of age, who for more than two months terrorized central Ohio with a series of about thirty-eight stick-ups, were arrested in March 1937 in Columbus, Ohio, on robbery charges. They confessed that they operated while "high" on Marihuana. One of the youths admitted that he had smoked "reefers" on and off for at least two years, and said that when he went with the others on stick-ups he was "ready to tear anybody apart" who opposed him. He claimed the practice of smoking marihuana first started among his friends about four or five years ago, while most of them were still in high school. He also stated that dozens of his youthful acquaintances are addicts. In describing his crimes he said: "If I had killed somebody on a job, I'd never known it." This was verified by the officer obtaining the confessions, who explained that the hardest problem was to get these youths to remember who committed the stick-ups, or when or where they happened. When police told them how a filling station attendant reported a robber threatened to beat his brains out with a revolver butt, one admitted he was the robber, but had forgotten his own words. It was almost impossible for them to break off the habit when they could still get "tea" so easily, they claimed. "When you try to break off, you get jumpy, your hands shake and you hear the least little noise. A dopey feeling comes when you're going down, and you get mopey. You get so you smoke a 'stick' a day, and you can't stop."

Nov. 1935—As for the girl—three months of smoking the weed have not spoiled entirely her beauty. She is still attractive, but her glazed eyes, her deathly pale face and her restless fingers are visible aspects of her degradation. A few quickly sucked pulls at a marihuana weed, and her eyes sparkle, her tongue is unloosed and for a little while she is the vivacious girl her years entitle her to be.

While under the influence of the drug, the subject thrust his hand through his hair, and found that his fingers passed through his crackling skull and into his warm cheesy brain. Another time, his head rolled off his shoulders, broke and burst like a huge egg upon the carpet. Another time, his innards fell out with a hideous splash. Nightmares were of horror, disgust, rebellion and fiendish vengefulness and exultation.

And this from a man who had never smoked one joint in his entire life! What vivid, pulsating detail for such a linear thinker. And what an improvement over the "shark" period. Washington seemed to bring out the most creative side of the commissioner.

But there was one case that became Anslinger's favorite; his pet marijuana story, a story that was circulated to all the media with the regularity of a big-titted, two-bit whore at a fraternity party. It was the *Victor Licata* case, and it was one of the foundations on which the marijuana-crime-insanity edifice rested.

Anslinger first became aware of this case on February 1, 1937, when he received a letter from the chief inspector of the Florida State Board of Health. The letter came a scant two weeks after Tipton's admonition to get "horror stories" and, as such, it was indeed a god-send. In fact, Anslinger was so grateful for this information that he fired off a letter that same day to the inspector, thanking him for the information and the photograph and asking him to forward similar cases in the future.

But a case like Licata's was one-in-a-lifetime, and the Florida inspector could never hope to top it. In his files Anslinger would later sum up the case succinctly:

A twenty-one-year-old boy in Florida killed his parents, two brothers and a sister while under the influence of a Marihuana "dream" which he later described to law enforcement officials. He told rambling stories of being attacked in his bedroom by his "uncle, a strange old woman and two men and two women," whom he said hacked off his arms and otherwise mutilated him; later in the dream he saw "real blood" dripping from an axe.

The *Licata* case became a cause célèbre in Anslinger's newly renewed war against marijuana. It was picked up in the popular press of the time, and it was repeated many times over the years in Anslinger's own writings. Dr. Munch mentions it prominently in a widely

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circulated article called "Marihuana and Crime" that originally appeared in the United Nations *Bulletin of Narcotics* in 1966.

But a closer examination of the case reveals the unreliability of the data that Anslinger was so quick to herald. In his book *Marijuana—The New Prohibition*, Stanford law professor John Kaplan dug a little deeper into this case. The slaying occurred on October 17, 1933, and Kaplan reported that the next day's *Tampa Times* carried the following story:

CRAZED YOUTH KILLS FIVE OF FAMILY WITH AX IN TAMPA

...dazed and staring wild-eyed [he] was arrested at the scene as officers broke into the home...Licata was crouched in a chair in the bathroom and offered no resistance as officers searched him for weapons. He mumbled incoherently when asked about the crime.

The first mention of marijuana came a few paragraphs into the story:

W.D. Bush, city detective chief, said he had made an investigation prior to the crime and learned the slayer had been addicted to smoking marihuana cigarettes for more than six months. This he said had unbalanced his mind at least temporarily. A similar statement was made by Frank S. Caston, state drug and narcotic inspector, who said he had aided Bush in the investigation and was prepared to make charges against the youth when he heard of the ax slaying. He had also heard of several places where Licata bought the doped cigarettes.

The incident brought a quick reaction from Tampa's police chief, who vowed in the same paper: "Maybe the weed only had a small indirect part in the alleged insanity of the youth, but I am declaring now for all time that the increasing use of this narcotic must stop and will be stopped." Two days later the paper expressed these same sentiments in their lead editorial:

STOP THIS MURDEROUS SMOKE

...it may or may not be wholly true that the pernicious marijuana cigarette is responsible for the murderous mania of a Tampa young man in exterminating all the members of his family within his reach—but whether or not the poisonous mind-wrecking weed is mainly accountable for the tragedy its sale should not be and should never have been permitted here or elsewhere...It required five murders to impress the Tampa public and Tampa offi-

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cials with the serious effects of the habit.

Of course Anslinger was not at all hesitant to impute the casualty directed to the "influence of marihuana." If he had followed the case, he would have learned that 11 days later, a psychiatric examination of Licata revealed that he was criminally insane, his condition being "acute and chronic." Licata was said to be "subject to hallucinations accompanied by homicidal impulses and occasional periods of excitement." The psychiatrist also asserted that his insanity was probably inherited, since the parents were first cousins, his paternal granduncle and two paternal cousins had been committed to insane asylums, and his brother, who was one of the victims, had been diagnosed as suffering from dementia praecox. As if that weren't enough, it was revealed that a year before, the Tampa police had filed a lunacy petition in an attempt to have Licata committed, but withdrew it when his parents pledged that they could take better care of him at home.

On November 3 Licata was committed to the state mental hospital, where he was diagnosed as suffering with "Dementia Praecox with homicidal tendencies." His behavior was adjudged "overtly psychotic," and nowhere in his file was his marijuana use mentioned. Licata resided at the Florida State Mental Hospital from 1933 until December 4, 1950, when he hanged himself.

But of course the commissioner was too busy tracking down new gore reports to examine any one case thoroughly. So, in his famous *American Magazine* article of July 1937, four years after these killings, Anslinger would write of Licata:

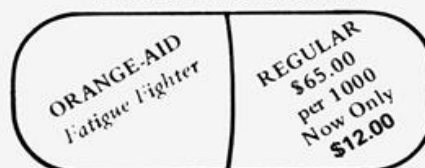
An entire family was murdered by a youthful addict in Florida. When officers arrived at the home, they found the youth staggering about in a human slaughterhouse. With an ax he had killed his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. He seemed to be in a daze... He had no recollection of having committed the multiple crime. The officers knew him ordinarily as a sane, rather quiet young man; now he was pitifully crazed. They sought the reason. The boy said he had been in the habit of smoking something which youthful friends called 'muggles,' a childish name for marihuana.

And even years after Licata's tragic suicide, Anslinger, in numerous articles, would invoke the ghost of this once "sane, rather quiet young man." □

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

THIRTY-SECOND OF A MONTHLY SERIES

443 ALTHOUGH BOOKS AND PAPERS continue to be published describing apparently new aspects of cocaine, fatalities from the drug are certainly not new. As early as 1891, J.B. Mattison discussed cocaine poisoning and reported four well-documented fatalities which occurred in 1887 and three in 1888. E. Mayer (1924) documented 21 deaths attributed to cocaine, and all editions of R.W. Webster's (1930) classic text, *Legal Medicine and Toxicology*, discuss fatal cocaine poisoning from the turn of the century through the 1920's. Cocaine is not a benign drug which is clearly supported by its known pharmacology (L.W. Goodman & A. Gilman, 1975); R. Byck & C. Van Dyke, Chapter 5, this volume...

Bryan S. Finkle & Kevin L. McCloskey, chap. 8: "The Forensic Toxicology of Cocaine," in *Cocaine: 1977*, NIDA Research Monograph, no. 13

444 AFTER THE GRIEVOUS DEATH OF his daughter, it next happened to Mycerinus that an oracle was sent to him from the city of Buto, declaring that he had but six years to live and must die in the seventh. The king deemed this unjust, and sent back to the oracle a message of reproach, blaming the god: why must he die so soon who was pious, whereas his father and his uncle had lived long, who shut up the temples, and regarded not the gods, and destroyed men? But a second utterance from the place of divination declared to him that his good deeds were the very cause of shortening his life; for he had done what was contrary to fate; Egypt should have been afflicted for an hundred and fifty years, whereof the two kings before him had been aware, but not Mycerinus. Hearing this, he knew that his doom was fixed. Therefore he caused many lamps to be made, and would light these at nightfall and drink and make merry; by day or night he never ceased from reveling, roaming to the marsh country and the groves and wherever he heard of the likeliest places of pleasure. Thus he planned by turning night into day he might make his six years into twelve and so prove the oracle false.

Herodotus; Book II:133.

445 ABBOTT: WHENEVER YOU GO INTO a bar, the devil goes in with you. Costello: If he goes in with me, he buys his own drink!

movie: *Keep 'em Flying*, 1941

446 I LOVE IRENE, GOD KNOWS, I DO Love her till the seas run dry And if Irene turns her back on me I'm gonna take morphine and die.

from song, "Goodnight Irene," by Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax, 1936

447 IT'S DRUGS AHOY ABOARD S.I. FERRY

Following yesterday's attack by an alleged drug peddler on an off-duty transit policeman on the Staten Island ferry, authorities said the sale and use of drugs on the ferries are ever-increasing problems.

A spokesman for the city Transportation Department said many passengers have complained about drug use on the boats, and police reported that drug arrests are running well ahead of 1982. Last year, 100 people were arrested on the boats on drug charges. And with 1983 less than two months old, there have already been 46 drug arrests on the ferry.

New York Daily News, Feb. 23, 1983

448 I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED, From tankards scooped in pearl; Not all the vats upon the Rhine Yield such an alcohol!

Emily Dickinson, about 1860

449 I SUPPOSE NO PERSON EVER ENJOYED with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf [tea] than [Samuel] Johnson. The Quantities that he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such intemperate use of it.

James Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, 1791

450 ALL I GOT OUT OF YEARS OF smoking [marijuana] was a drawer of empty baggies.

Patient in drug-abuse program, San Francisco, 1982

451 BEER & DECENCY The Eastern Brewing Co. in Hammonton, N.J., has found a way to get around federal regulators' objections to its marketing its Nude Beer with a picture of a topless woman on the label. A bikini-top label will be pasted over the original, and consumers will do the undressing themselves.

New York Post, Feb. 14, 1983

452 A DOPE-SNIFFING DOG AT THE Mexico City airport named "Bob" has been shipped off to the mountains to recover after he apparently lost his sharp sense of smell. In recent weeks, Bob had been snatching the purses and luggage of travelers who weren't carrying any drugs at all. As a result, Bob has been sent to the clean-air mountains in Sinaloa, in north-eastern Mexico, for rest and recuperation.

Extra, June 1977

453 "ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE," is one toke over the line as far as WNBC radio is concerned, and the new hit single has been banned from the station because of its "drug-oriented" lyrics.

Other local stations, including WPLJ (formerly WABC-FM) and WCBS-FM, say they are also banning songs, but refuse to give examples.

"One Toke," by Brewer and Shipley goes, in part:

"One toke over the line sweet Jesus, one toke over the line.

Sittin' downtown in a railway station, one toke over the line.

Waitin' for a train that goes home sweet Mary, hopin' that train is on time.

Sittin' downtown in a railway station, one toke over the line..."

The "one toke" in the Brewer and Shipley number, means one puff from a marijuana cigaret and is intended to suggest that the young person, who wants to go home, is afraid he has passed the point of no return. The tune is number 25 on Variety's list of hit records, and rising fast.

New York Post, Mar. 24, 1971

454 NUL DIE SINE LINEA: "No day without a line [of coke]." This has become the motto of some of our leading writers.

Gerald Ratigan, 1982

The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

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by Kayo

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The classic introductory work on cannabis cultivation. HTB/4 \$5.95

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by Adam Gottlieb

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RAIDERS

/ continued from page 48

Henri selection. No way. These Cubans were so macho about how good their coke was, that when they started getting into Mariani, they only added it with the very rarest of vintages. Lafite-Rothschild for starters. Roederer Kristall champagne for variations. No, Mari-beth said no one could figure out exactly why they started getting into Mariani, but she'd heard that the Cuban women had started doing it and telling the men how it made them better lovers than mere mother-of-pearl coke alone.

Well, once they heard *that*, these dudes really got *into* it. It got to be a major macho thing to have the oldest, rarest vintage wine—I mean, they'd show up at auctions and buy up entire cellars of the stuff when the big wine connoisseurs croaked. Then they'd take their finest flake and rocks so big they almost wouldn't fit down the neck of the bottle and they'd marinate the coke in the wine, then have their ladies feed it to them from their mouths with warm love-numb lips. And that was what was mainly going on that night when I walked into the big thatched Hut Seven of Myron's Polynesia Towne.

First to greet me was the dwarf with the dreadlocks. He was rubbing his hands and grinning with great lubricity.

He was bearing a big fat brandy snifter full of blood red vintage Bordeaux that glowed with the holy antiquity of the stained glass at Chartres. At the bottom, a few undissolved silver crystals still nestled in the womblike hollow of the snifter, glowing like Saint Elmo's fire in a wine dark sea. The rasta dwarf's eyes glowed as he handed me the snifter and raised his own in a toast.

"Hey, mon, you big-name fella here. These Cuban boys all know the friend of the ganja gringo, they all want the Connoisseur to honor their brew. And the women, they want you to honor their lips, mon. This is your lucky day, eh?"

Well, of course it's like that everywhere if you're a folk hero like me, but I wondered how lucky I was. I wondered about the unctuous enthusiasm of the little rasta rascal. And the atmosphere was getting, well, *intense*. First of all, the entire garish Trader Vic Holiday Inn Polynesian Inn motif interior of Hut Seven was filled with shards of broken glass and the sounds of breaking glass, and it was getting on my nerves. This bacchanalia was like a coked-up scene out of Hieronymus Bosch: every five minutes one of the

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hundred or so off-white-suited gentlemen and off-the-shoulder sweet-cinnamon-cappuccino-skinned lovelies would tip a bottle upside down to their mouth to suck the last bloody crystals out of the bottom—suck them out slowly with a lot of tongue-action, in fact—and then dash the bottle against the wall, smashing it and spraying everyone around with broken-glass drops of wine and occasional drops of blood from the crystal shrapnel. But nobody seemed to notice the injuries because their facial muscles were in the sweet trippy boozy numbness that overtakes any overindulger in Mariani. In the brief intervals between the explosions of antique vintage bottles there were other sounds: shrieks of laughter and coked-up gasps of pleasure from the couples writhing on the periphery and the bedrooms of the suite.

"Well," I told Tex, "I planned to really get into that whole scene with all its weirdness, its sleazy glamour, its strange, uh—"

"Felliniesque atmosphere," suggested Tex.

"That's it, right. Well, I was going to tell how I wandered into the bedroom and began feeling the Mariani go to my head and the dwarf introduced me to two women who started whispering things to me in my ears and—"

"Okay, 'R.' Now it's my turn to ask you to cut to the chase. Ah been to those coke orgies and they're hot stuff and all that, but let's get to the point. Were you planning to reveal what happened when the lights went out?"

"Well, I guess I was getting to that point. Because what they were whispering in my ears was 'You're coming with us, 'R.' We're the Sisterhood and we've got your friend Tom.'"

"The Sisterhood, 'R,'" said Tex. "I don't think we can permit you to describe the Sisterhood. Or any of its members or activities."

"Hey, come on, Tex, I already mentioned it in a previous episode. People have been speculating about it for a long time. You realize in the first episode I associate the mystery lady who got me into this with the Sisterhood."

"I think the ladies agree you've done enough damage as it is, and no more will be permitted."

"But how can I tell the readers about the Connoisseur's Choice. I mean, that was gonna be the title of the final episode. I mean, you have to admit that's the fucking climax of the story. I mean, if I can't tell that, well, it's like *Sophie's Choice* without the choice."

"Who's this 'Sophie,' 'R'? If she's in the

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"No, man, she's not in the Sisterhood, I'm not gonna name any names, but the point is I got to be able to say something about the Sisterhood and the Forcade Imposter problem."

"I think we're heading for a serious literary conflict of interest then, 'R.' Even to mention the Imposter Problem—"

"Look, Tex, all I'm gonna do is just give a kind of shadowy *glimpse* of it, just a skeletal outline—"

"You're lookin' to end up a skeletal outline yourself, son. Now, just what would this shadowy glimpse consist of?"

"Well, you know I was in the dark most of the time anyway. These two women were whispering in my ear then, the whole room went black, everyone was screaming, they put a blindfold over my eyes, they dragged me out to the dock on the inland waterway back of Myron's, stashed me in the hole of a small boat and brought me to some house on the water. I never saw the outside of it. Then they tell me about the choice they were gonna force me to make."

"Well, it seems, according to these women—and of course they never identified themselves as the Sisterhood, you see I'm gonna make that clear—anyway, it seems this group of high-level woman smugglers who don't trust men at all, since certain male informers broke up the Brotherhood—these women find themselves approached through very trustworthy intermediaries down in South America. There's a gringo down there who wants to meet with them. He sends them certain tokens—including a kilo brick of Chateau Forcade gold—that reminds them of a certain said-to-be-deceased individual many of them had known—many of them had *apprenticed* with Tom, in fact—he always liked to work with women in the Game, until the end, of course, when he found that a few of the ones he trusted the most had betrayed him to his enemies."

"Now, these women turn this guy's intermediaries down flat, but they start checking out this guy who is hinting something very strange, and refusing to show his face to other gringos. And it turns out he's put together a very extensive network down there. Some people calling it 'the New Brotherhood,' and it's very big. It's got acid chemists turning out psychedelic love drugs like MDA, it's deep into the hash fields of the Afghan freedom fighters and it's got an elite collective of sinsemilla chemists flown down from Humboldt County to begin carpeting the Andes with North-

ern California agricultural ingenuity marked to spectacular South American seed stocks; he's got an elite of phone phreaks accessing Customs top-secret deployment computers so he knows where every single ship in the narc navy is. He's got some kind of radar evasion equipment on his planes so they have a 'cloak of invisibility' from satellite surveillance. He's supplying cash flow to the heroic resistance movements in Chile and Argentina. He's living out a lot of fantasies Forcade had, all of projects he wanted to undertake but couldn't when he was hampered by his public position as publisher of HIGH TIMES. And he's claiming to be Tom.

"The only problem is, he won't let anyone see him. Claims he's had his identity changed through plastic surgery to disguise himself from his enemies inside and outside the law and can't trust anyone to see him.

"The women don't buy any of that. The Caribbean is swarming with people who are all claiming to have been 'close dealing buddies' of Tom, or flown copilot with him, and there are all sorts of jokers and informers down there running false 'Brotherhoods' and selling fraudulent 'cloaks of invisibility.' The women are very suspicious and don't like this guy knowing as much as he does about them. They decide to bring him in, interrogate him and waste him.

"So they take him in and put him under guard and give him a chance to prove he's not an imposter. He's a good talker, but they don't trust him. Finally they decided to call in an expert. One of the last of Tom's friends who hadn't turned informer or gone underground. Someone known for being able to detect the fine nuances of identity. A connoisseur of the Forcadian sensibility, 'R.' They were going to put me in a room with the suspected imposter Tom, fill us both full of acid—still the standard truth serum in such cases—and 12 hours later they were going to ask me to make a choice that would determine whether the would-be Tom was Tom. Whether he'd live or die.

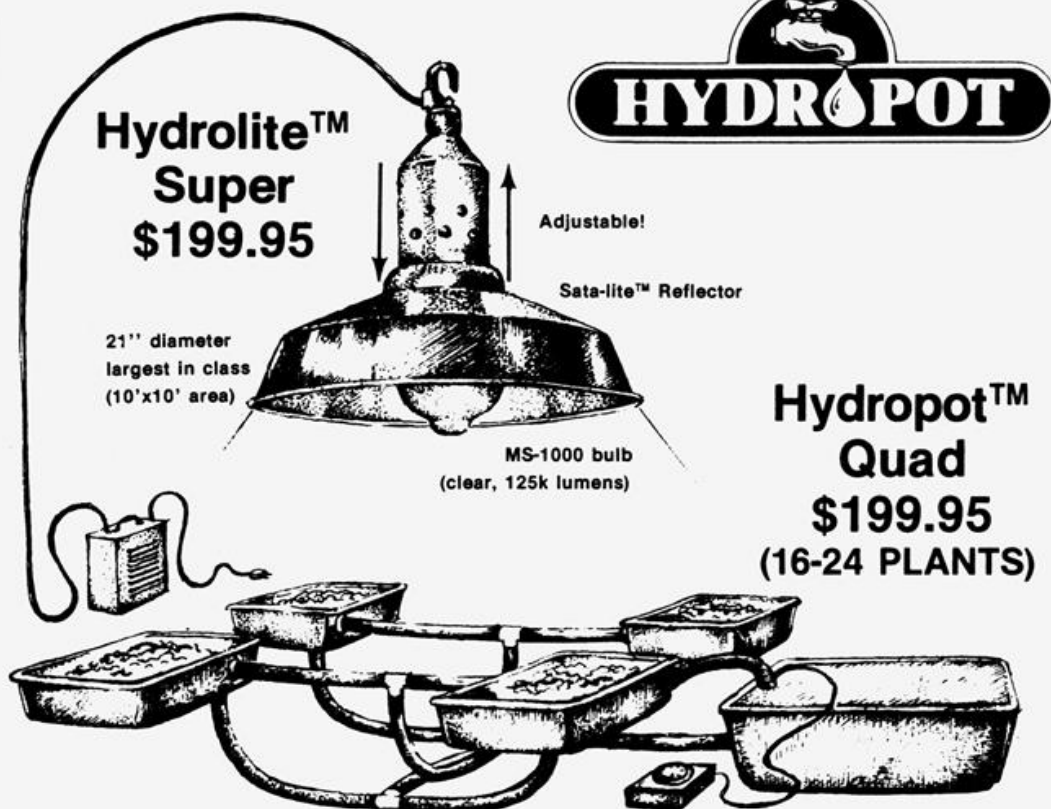
"Well, of course I resisted this role. But they didn't give me a choice.

"You can't turn down a chance to save your friend's life, 'R.'"

"But what if I made a mistake and condemned him to death?

"You're a Connoisseur,' the women told me. 'It's your job to make distinctions, to separate the real lamb's bread from the mock, it's your job to make the judgments the whole con-

/ continued on page 96



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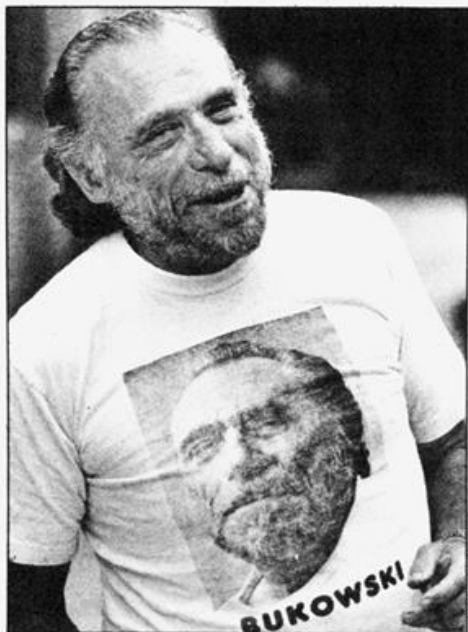
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TALES OF ORDINARY BUKOWSKI

High Times' resident Dirty Old Man goes Hollywood

Tales of Ordinary Madness is the cinematic immortalization of HIGH TIMES' resident genius on low life, booze, cooze and survival in the American underbelly—Charles Bukowski. The screenplay was inspired by Bukowski's writings, and the central character, "Charles Serking" (a razor-keen, deeply affecting performance by Ben Gazzara), is obviously none other than the Dirty Old Man himself, thinly disguised for popular consumption. Interestingly, it has taken *Europeans* to deify (after a fashion) Bukowski. The cast of *Madness* is American, but the writer-director is Marco Ferreri—the ballsy and iconoclastic creator of *The Ape Woman*, the brilliant *Dillinger Is Dead*, the excruciating *The Last Woman* (in which Gerard Depardieu wandered around for hours, buck-naked and fingering his prick—only to chop it off at the climax) and the unforgettable *La Grande Bouffe* (whose erotic gastronomic orgy—four bourgeois hedonists eating and fucking themselves to death—sent waves of shock through "moral" audiences a decade ago). The coscreenwriter is the legendary Sergio Amidei; and the cinematographer is Tonino delli Colli. (The third screenwriter—who translated Ferreri's and Amidei's Italian translation of Bukowski back into English—is Tony Foutz.)

So, *Tales of Ordinary Madness* becomes a fascinating blend of Bukowski's gritty, superrealistic observations; and two disparate Italian movie styles—the madly colored surrealism of a Fellini or a Wertmuller, and the close fidelity and humanism of the neorealists. (Amidei was, in fact, along with Cesare Zavattini, one of the two great scenarists of the whole neorealist era; he wrote *Open City* and *Paisa* for Rossellini.) The movie shows us all the grunge and puke and social grime that Bukowski



Michael Montfort

can evoke in one perfectly honed switchblade of a sentence; but the viewpoint is colorful, sensuous, full of honeyed sunlight and the cold sting of iced gin. It's like a carnival of decay, sex and death, filtered through a shot glass.

For the first half hour, Ferreri and Gazzara take us on a low-life picaresque tour: a poetry-reading in an empty, cavernous auditorium; cock-teasing from an underage runaway; philosophy and *mano-a-mano* in the barroom; and a pickup and quasi-rape after Bukowski spots a seething, sleazy blonde boarding a bus (this last, an amazing, almost gut-wrenching performance by Fat City's Susan Tyrell). Then we hunker down into one of the Master's customary fatalistic fables on sexual twists and the impermanence of love—as "Serking" tries to make it with an improbably gorgeous, wildly self-destructive hooker named Cass (the ethereally sexy Ornella Muti)—but wakes up with ashes, and the newly rising sun.

Tales of Ordinary Madness keeps

swerving between raunchy comedy and pathos, sensuality and despair, light and darkness all the way through; but this emotional careening gives it an excitement and a feeling of truth. Like Bruce Beresford's recent *Tender Mercies*, *Madness* shows us a foreign director re-inventing the American landscape with a fresh eye—and finding a strangeness, an intoxication, and an idiosyncratic beauty that most native filmmakers miss. There are taverns and streets out of Edward Hopper, and a serene white light pouring down on everything. The movie is not 100 percent Bukowski; the "revisions" of his style pale beside the original, a few scenes are strained. But it does give you something unusual, something of Bukowski's relish for life—*real* life, the sour and the sweet, the life of the senses and spirit (and spirits). And it also gives you Ferreri's savage, Bunuelian eye and knack: his flair for the outrageous. It's one of the most affecting, different, oddly rich American movies around right now—and a fitting testament to (as Gazzara calls him in the following interview) "The Buk."

Ben Gazzara started out as the cocky, arrogant, antihero of End as a Man or Anatomy of a Murder; but now, in mid career, his acting and his screen image have begun to resemble Bogart's in the '40s and '50s. Like Bogart, he's eased into a cynical-romantic screen persona: a jaded-but-idealistic, slightly sodden world-weary professional; principles still intact in a corrupt, imperfect world. In place of the earlier cockiness, that undertone of insolent menace, there's now a mellowness. His characters have become more vulnerable, richer; more human, perhaps. They have wounds.

Larry Sloman and I interviewed Gazzara in the offices of his publicist; after awhile—with employees scurrying in and

out, beer bottles all over the table, the gray river flowing sullenly outside and clouds of Ratso's cigar smoke wafting into the next room (to everyone's dismay)—it began to resemble that scene in *Ordinary Madness* where Serking runs amok in a sterile Manhattan cubicle, pitching beer cans over the partitions.

HIGH TIMES: Has Bukowski seen *Tales of Ordinary Madness*?

BEN GAZZARA: The Buk saw the picture; liked it a lot. I was pleased as hell. 'Cause, you know, it ain't all Bukowski; it's a mixture of Ferrerri, Bukowski...

I never thought of *playing* Bukowski. I think that would have been a mistake. I mean, first of all, just *visually*, it would be tough to do. I would have had to acne my face; add a few years to my life. The thing is that he's a poet, an *artist*. A guy who likes to drink, likes to fuck; that doesn't mind getting down there with the—like, say—the alienated, the bizarre, the freaky; doesn't mind getting his hands dirty. Those are the important things. And then, ultimately, the character's stuck with *you*; you're not stuck with the character.

I remember: we had only met; we

had been four or five weeks into the shoot, when he came up over to the office, the motel, with three bottles of Mouton Cadet—

HIGH TIMES: Only three bottles?

GAZZARA: Yeah—instead of Thunderbird. Well, he *knew* there'd be free wine there. I figured: you really got up in the

world, Chuck. Mouton Cadet: that's fancy stuff! But, we had fun; we had a *lot* of laughs. That was the first and last time I saw him.

HIGH TIMES: You told me the other night you outdrank him.

GAZZARA: I did.

HIGH TIMES: I didn't get *his* side of the



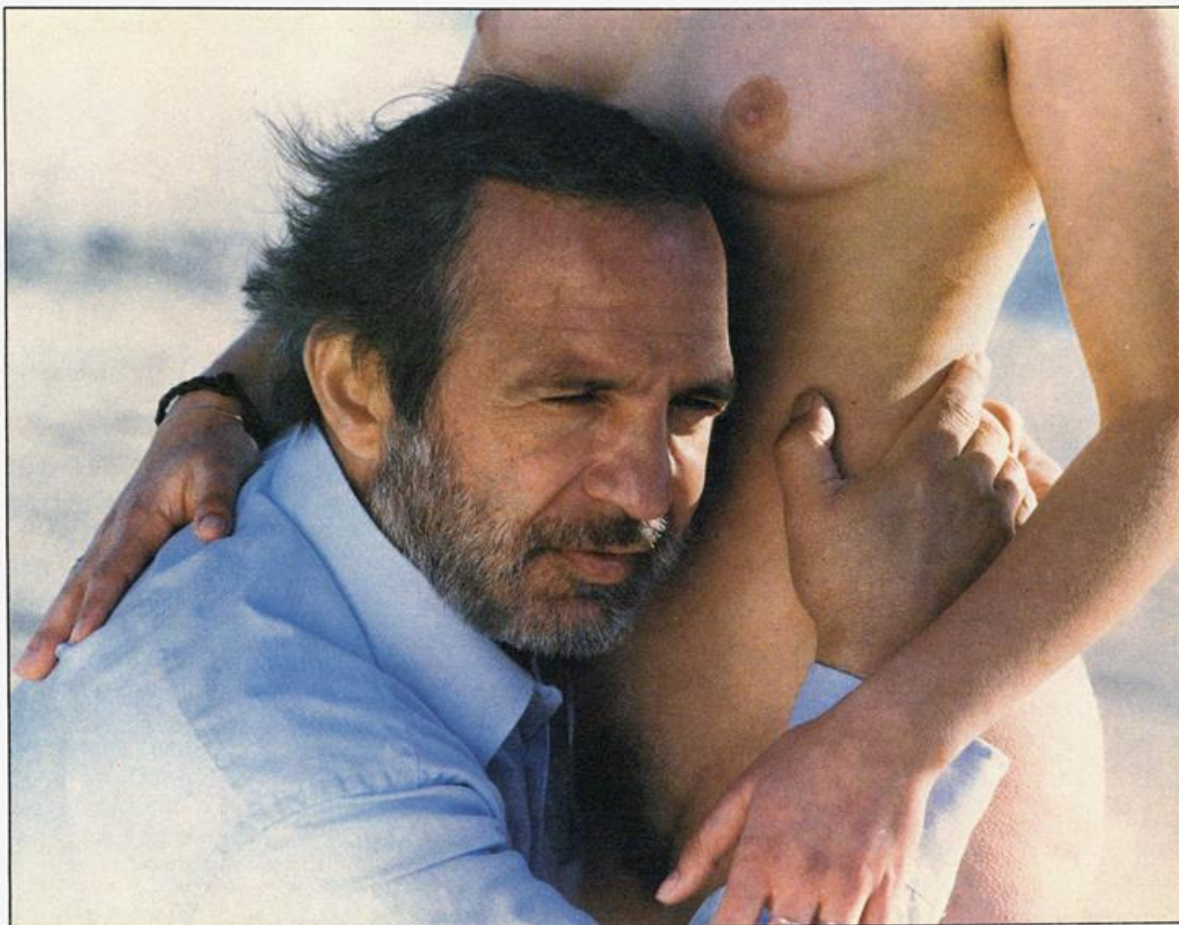
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Opposite page:

HIGH TIMES

Contributing Editor
and Literary Legend,
Charles Bukowski.

Top: Ben Gazzara
picks up Ornella Muti
in a sleazy L.A. bar.
Below: Gazzara in the
throes of epiphany/
arousal on a wind-
swept beach.



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story yet.

GAZZARA: He said when he met me, he said: "So, I'm meetin' Gazzara. You know, I had this chick I was crazy about—and she was crazy about you. Wanted to do a plaster cast of your dick. I put the kibosh on that. I didn't want her looking you up." Very funny...

HIGH TIMES: What attracted you to the role?

GAZZARA: Well, I had read Bukowski—I'd read him. The first time I read him, interestingly enough, was in Paris, four years ago. Barbet Schroeder was just trying to put together a film—to write one with Bukowski—called *Barfly*. Anyway, he introduced me to Bukowski—a Frenchman. Well, that's the way it is—

HIGH TIMES: One thing that frustrated me terribly in *Tales of Ordinary Madness* was the way Ferrerri would never show us Ornella Muti's breasts. Why?

GAZZARA: She just had surgery; on her tits.

HIGH TIMES: Aw, come on! What surgery?

GAZZARA: That's the reason. She had just had a tit job done.

HIGH TIMES: What? To take some off? I heard they were gorgeous!

GAZZARA: Yeah. In *The Last Woman*, they sloped down. I liked them better. The new ones are okay.

HIGH TIMES: We were talking with Susan Tyrell after the screening...

GAZZARA [Affectionately]: Sue-Sue. Oh, Sue-Sue is a space cadet—I love her.

HIGH TIMES: ...and she was complaining about the "rape" scene. She claims you shoved a banana up her pussy without you or Ferrerri warning her.

GAZZARA: Oh, I just put it on her, gently. Gently... She wasn't prepared for it, but she went with it.

HIGH TIMES: One difficult thing you accomplished well was giving the impression of a guy who could actually write a book.

GAZZARA: I think one of the most difficult things in the world—not that I succeeded or didn't succeed; I hope I did—is to play an artist; because an artist's reality is so hidden from himself, so unconscious. You have very little to go on.

I didn't worry about it. I worried about really portraying the guy, because he's an odd kind of writer, isn't he? He doesn't... He's not a middle-class guy who writes about his psychological problems, and why he has to go into analysis to cure them—which is the most boring kind of fucking individual to play. The guy's life is the interesting aspect. And the writing is the center, I

guess, of his soul. But his life is so interesting that, if you make that believable, I decided, then everything will fall into place. So long as the typewriter was there, and the booze was there, I figured it would take care of itself.

HIGH TIMES: How do you account for the change in your acting—from cocky and menacing to mellow and philosophical?

GAZZARA: You get older, you know. You bring along a lot of baggage. You've already lived through so much fucking stuff, that you don't have to do the kind of digging and searching that you did as a young actor—because you haven't lived yet, as a young actor. You don't know what pain is, really; you haven't known what life is; you haven't known what love is; you haven't known what anything is. You can imagine it. If you're a sensitive young actor, you can do it. But, hopefully, as you get older, it gets richer and it flows more easily. I think an actor, after a certain time in his life—assuming he has any craft—his real growth comes through life. It doesn't come from anywhere else.

HIGH TIMES: We were looking at your bio—noticing you came from the Lower East Side—

GAZZARA: It's not Lower; it's Twentieth Street. Lower would be Mulberry Street.

HIGH TIMES: Like in Little Italy? What did your father do?

GAZZARA: My father was an immigrant who did anything he could to make a living. He laid the asphalt for many streets in New York; worked with his hands, carpentry, any job.

HIGH TIMES: Was it a big family?

GAZZARA: Immediate? Just me and my brother. We're very extended. A lot of uncles; a lot of cousins... At least, in feast days, there was always a tableful of people. But when that generation died, we all wandered away into our insular lives. Cousins don't see each other anymore. They kept the family together. They had real communion; the family was very important to them.

HIGH TIMES: That kind of thing has gone.

GAZZARA: Paying your duty, your respects—it's true.

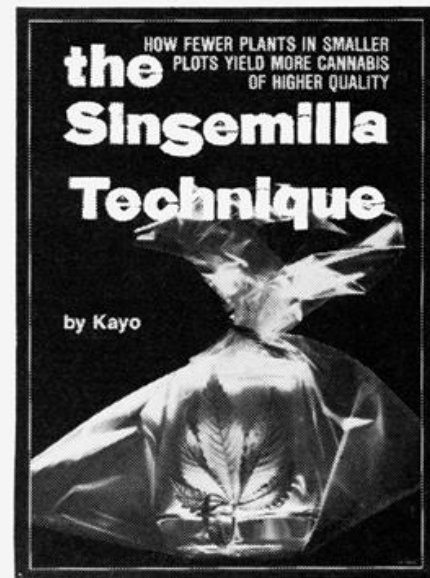
HIGH TIMES: Hearing all this, I'm surprised you never worked with Scorsese.

GAZZARA: Well, Marty is, you know, the next generation. He has his own friends: guys like Bobby, Harvey Keitel—

HIGH TIMES: What was it like: breaking in as a young actor from that background, in the '50s?

GAZZARA: It was unbelievable. I was really on a roll in those days. I had done

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End as a Man, which was an enormous success; and I got cast by Kazan, who was the star director in those days. [Tennessee] Williams was the star playwright, and Gadge [Kazan] was the director everyone wanted to work with.

Gadge (you know, he got the name "Gadget" because he had all these gadgets going: things that'll make scenes more interesting) did very little directing, I remember; he just said a couple of lines to guide you, and then he let you go—which is the way I like to work... And, of course, you were flattered—being a young actor, asked by Kazan to work. That was an acceptance that was probably more important than winning the Oscar.

HIGH TIMES: Seems like that whole era is dying. I'm not sure what has come along to replace it.

GAZZARA: I'm not either. So I don't talk about it much. You sound very old when you say, "I think I was there in the heyday. I was there when things were really terrific, when the work was really juicy," etc. But I think that's true.

HIGH TIMES: That was near the time you played a junkie onstage in *A Hatful of Rain*. Did you do any research?

GAZZARA: The most I'd done is smoke some grass. That's the most I've done. Yeah, there you did research. You did research on the symptoms of withdrawal, with guys who went through it.

HIGH TIMES: Why in the world did Don Murray do the movie, and not you?

GAZZARA: Well, Don Murray had a seven-year deal with 20th Century Fox at the time. And I think they wanted to clean up the picture: they took it out of the tenements and put it into Stuyvesant Town. But what it *did*, it failed. The movie was a disaster. So... *Fuck 'em!*

HIGH TIMES: How did you get this reputation for being an *enfant terrible*?

GAZZARA: I *never* was.

HIGH TIMES: I know, but I thought you—

GAZZARA: I have no idea. I think it's because I turned down roles. I was portrayed as a New York wise guy... *Fuck 'em!* There were long articles by Hedda Hopper attacking me.

HIGH TIMES: So here you are: Actor's Studio, hotshot, working with the best, great reviews... How'd you wind up on TV [in "Run for Your Life"]?

GAZZARA: 'Cause the plays stop coming. And the phone stops ringing.

HIGH TIMES: You were full of ideals?

GAZZARA: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Was there something wrong with that?

GAZZARA: No, there's nothing wrong with it. But, you know, all things come

to an end. An actor has to work. Fuck it; you're not an actor if you're not acting. You're not an actor if you're home saying I only work if it's the best material in the world and if God calls me. An actor has to act.

HIGH TIMES: You lived in Hollywood?

GAZZARA: Yeah, I had a house there, and a Japanese gardener, and a blond poolman; the tree surgeon. All that fucking shit. I had this swimming pool I used to stare at a lot; I probably went in it twice in five years. But, you know, I don't think it was L.A. so much, as not enjoying what I was doing. I think *any* place is fun, if you're working with creative people and you're doing creative things.

HIGH TIMES: After the series, you had a rough period, right?

GAZZARA: No. After the series, things were *terrific*. I did *Husbands* and—

HIGH TIMES: Well, *during* the series.

GAZZARA: That was it; yes.

HIGH TIMES: A lot of booze and self-pity?

GAZZARA: A lot of booze. A lot of booze... *and cooze*.

HIGH TIMES: So—what was it like working for Cassavetes? Doesn't he want the actors to make a lot of contributions?

GAZZARA: Well, sure. Ferrerri, too. Ferrerri is very open, and that's how I like to work, as a matter of fact.

But, if he comes in like a lot of assholes do—prepared and *set* and "This is how it's going to be"—he's losing a big opportunity. And there are quite a few directors like that. They do their homework and they come in and God forbid you should say, "Listen, I'd rather go over there..."

But John has some of the same struggles as any personal filmmaker, you know. It's difficult when you're not—the American audience likes everything *framed*. They want to be *led*; they want to be *told* what to feel about the leading character. A kind of sorta classical way of storytelling... And John's films don't do that.

HIGH TIMES: What are your politics these days?

GAZZARA: I'm apolitical. If anything, I was over to the Left. I mean, certainly left of Ronald Reagan.

HIGH TIMES: But you worked for Kennedy? And Al Lowenstein?

GAZZARA: Yeah. I think when those guys got murdered, it ended for a lot of us.

HIGH TIMES: In 1965 you were quoted as saying that you wanted to make your TV character an antihero... that in the age of atom bombs, we're victims more

than victors. Do you still feel that way?

GAZZARA: Sure.

HIGH TIMES: Feel worse?

GAZZARA: It's the same. Just keep your sense of humor and try to have a good time—because they're all out to nail you to the fuckin' cross. It's a tough world out there. I think you've got to create your private haven. To think that you can do it politically, that your life is going to *change* dramatically when you change political philosophies or political systems... I think it's all charades.

HIGH TIMES: So what's your private haven?

GAZZARA: My family and my work and my friends. And, after that, everything is extra.

HIGH TIMES: You know, I went down to get the beer, and this black dude comes in the elevator, and goes, "Is he Ben Gazzara?" I said, "Yeah." He says—I think he was from Jamaica—he says, "He was Al Capone, wasn't he? Boy, does he look young!"

GAZZARA: He made my day.

HIGH TIMES: Then he said to me, "He must be rich."

GAZZARA: [*Laughs his ass off.*] □

The King of Comedy (D: Martin Scorsese. Sc: Paul Zimmerman. With Robert DeNiro, Jerry Lewis, Sarah Bernhardt, Diahnne Abbott)—Scorsese in a comic mood—which, for him, means kidnapping, humiliation, extortion and sexual bondage; but no murders or blasted lives. Paul Zimmerman's story—about a daffy, obsessive, aspiring young comic named Rupert Pupkin, who kidnaps talk-show superstar "Jerry Langford," and holds him hostage for an opening monologue—is a sort of "critic's script": rich in concepts, weak in spontaneity. (Also, the last two minutes of this movie—whoever was responsible—should be chopped off and burned.) But spontaneity is exactly what Scorsese can give you: this is a wonderful "actor's movie." Jerry Lewis, as Langford, gives a murderously restrained performance, full of pent-up, mounting fury; Sarah Bernhardt, as Pupkin's whacked-out, rich-bitch accomplice, plays so nakedly, she makes the nerves in your teeth itch. And, as Pupkin, Robert DeNiro could not possibly be better. With a masochist's grin, and tons of glib bullshit patter and wired-up paranoia, DeNiro defines for all time the lunatic determination of the star-crossed showbiz hopeful—always "on," always smiling, always coming on with the goombah-goombah razzmatazz, a hide bazookas couldn't pierce, and a crust you could skate on. □

CREATING A SCANDAL

Prepackaged, premarketed and preeminently commercial, Scandal rides to success on the crest of the MTV wave.

Scandal is the perfect example of how a rock band is put together in the '80s. They had a video before they had a name; they had a contract before they had a band; they had a reputation before they had ever played a live performance. Masterminded by songwriter/conceptualist Zack Smith, the group idea was premarketed so perfectly that a high-placed official at Columbia Records went out on a limb to sign them.

The story is not new. What is remarkable is that the band is good—good enough to live up to the hype and even to make it seem a bit beside the point. Their five-song debut EP includes several instant classics—"Goodbye to You," "She Can't Say No" and "Love's Got a Line on You." But what really makes Scandal click is Patty Smyth, a no-nonsense, big-voiced focal point for a group that would be anonymous without her.

Smyth's natural performance sense and relaxed musical ability was learned literally at the feet of any number of '60s folk musicians. Her mother worked at several Greenwich Village clubs including the Gaslight, the Café Wha, the Four Winds and the Zig Zag. "I hung out from when I was five or six to about when I was thirteen," she says. "I would go down all the time. I was really terrible, I could get my mother to let me do anything. I would beg her to take me with her and she would. If you look at my school records you could see that I didn't make it to school much the next day. We'd have breakfast at five in the morning.

"I remember Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and Mimi Fariña, Eric Anderson, Richie Havens. It's something I think was a real subtle influence because as a kid I always knew that I wanted to grow up and be a singer, and I think because I was around performers all the time—I would hang out with them when they came offstage, they would take me to the feast in Little



Scandal's Zack Smith and Patty Smyth

Italy and stuff—so it wasn't an unachievable goal, it wasn't a fantasy, it was a reality, and I think it must have enabled me to be more comfortable onstage. I also saw it through its negative stage with the drugs—I saw great musicians, who were wiped out on speed or something. I remember seeing guitar players—this is very strange—who were really together, who were great musicians, and then three or four years would go by and they'd be broken. I remember seeing the Italian people in the neighborhood putting pressure on the club owners and on New York City to get rid of the nightclubs. You know that's really what happened to the Village. The neighborhood people didn't want that element."

Patty made her first public appearance at Folk City when she was 15, then began writing songs a year later. She played solo, accompanying herself on piano, at various clubs around

New York during the '70s, a time when she felt alienated from the rock 'n' roll scene. "I hated punk rock when it came out," she says. "I was into soul music. That was the '70s, and as far as I was concerned the only thing that was happening was black music, and that's what I listened to—the OJs, the Stylistics, the Funkadelics and all that stuff. I didn't really start liking it until '79 when I got into Elvis Costello and the Clash."

After a brief stint leading her own trio, Patty was introduced to Zack Smith, who was looking for the right lead vocalist. The combination worked immediately, and before long the group had a video and an album's worth of material. The decision to release a shorter EP record as the debut came as a result of the current record industry slump.

"At the time we were releasing our record," Smyth explains, "Columbia was releasing all these huge records—Paul McCartney, Michael Jackson, Billy Joel, Kenny Loggins. It was decided that for a new artist, unless you're in the top one hundred, you're not discounted to five forty-nine, they sell your record for nine dollars and somehow that seemed, when we thought about the little kids who buy the records, nine dollars is a lot of money. It's a lot of money for me to spend on a record. I don't spend nine dollars unless it's Otis Redding's *Greatest Hits*. We just thought it would be better to price the record cheaply. We tried to pick the five strongest tunes and it seems to have worked for us. If you hit them with five you can really get them wanting more."

Patty admits that she wasn't exactly thrilled with the name Scandal at first. "I'll be answering this question until I'm about eighty-five years old," she laughs. "We had decided that we needed a name, right? Because we are a band we had to be called something, and it couldn't be Patty Smyth and it couldn't be Smith and Smyth because

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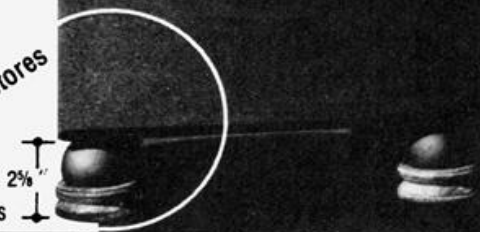
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people get us totally confused anyway —'Zack Smith and Patty Smyth. Oh, of course you're married.' 'No, we're not married.' So we sat down and we had a list of about four names, like Brutal Jr. High, Manhattan Fruit Flies... I guess the fourth name on the list was Scandal, and our manager said, 'This is the name.' I flipped out because I thought, 'Scandal? Gimme a break!' I hated the name, I told them I wanted to change it. They said, 'It's gonna grow on you.' When you think about a name it's like changing your own name—it's a name you have to live with, you could hate everything, it doesn't matter if you think, 'Oh, God, this is what I'm always gonna be called.' But I really don't mind it and they were right, it did grow on me. I threw a tantrum and they wouldn't change it, so, you know."

Smyth is convinced that the band, which has still only played a handful of gigs together, is only beginning to show what they can do. "We've been writing since the first record, so I've got a lot more songs now," she says. "We get better at writing together as we go along. I write all the lyrics for the songs except for 'Goodbye to You' and 'Love's Got a Line on You,' which were written before I met Zack. He wasn't even gonna play 'Goodbye to You' for me, and I came across the lyric sheet or heard it on a tape and said, 'Great, we've got to do this one.' It's a great song, the audience goes crazy when we play it. I get this feeling that they don't know who we are until they hear that song. It's the last song that we do and everybody starts dancing and running around like I do—I can see them doing me in the video. They say, 'Oh, that's who you are.' MTV has an amazing impact—it's helped us tremendously. I walked into a bar in Norfolk, Virginia, and people said, 'You're Scandal, I saw you on MTV.' That kills me." □

HIGH TIMES and

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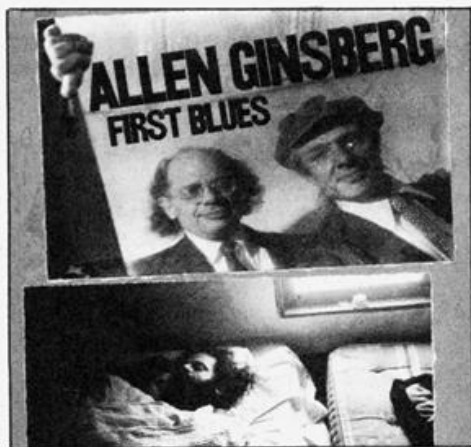
First Blues, Allen Ginsberg (John Hammond Records W2X 37673). You might think that four sides of Allen Ginsberg's singing and songwriting would make for some swampy listening, in which case *First Blues* is likely to stun and delight you in its range and accessibility. Ginsberg fans may be less surprised, but will certainly get as much enjoyment out of this record.

The album's tone is set by three tracks recorded in 1971 with a band that included Bob Dylan, Happy Traum, David Amram and Perry Robinson. The spontaneous, offhanded feel of

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this material is coaxed from the Dylan magic as Ginsberg took Dylan's suggestions about improvisation to heart, coming up with off-the-cuff lyrics and crude melodies. "Jimmy Berman (Gay Lib Rag)" shows Dylan in telepathic communication with Ginsberg, who starts chanting in the studio just as Dylan and Happy Traum block out the song's structure.

Right after Ginsberg appeared with



Dylan's Rolling Thunder tour in '76, a number of tracks were cut with a smaller band built around Arthur Russell, Jon Sholle, David Mansfield and Stephen Taylor. "New York Youth Call Annunciation," a traditional folk chant of the "Come all ye..." variety is what Ginsberg describes as "The kind of song I'd sing...if I were a demonic tearful old-fashioned song man." "CIA Dope Calypso" is a history of CIA involvement with Southeast Asian opium deals, taken from Al McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* done in a pretty amusing calypso format:

"Subsidizing the traffickers to drive the reds away
till Colby was the head of the whole world CIA."

"Put Down Yr Cigarette Rag (Don't Smoke)," a chanted mantra designed to kick the cigarette habit, offers the suggestion that smokers satisfy their desires with oral sex rather than with a butt. Ginsberg describes this one as a "Central Australian Desert Aborigine Pitjijara tongue song-form."

The rest of the '76 session, plus another 11 tunes recorded in '81 to fill out the concept, are a mixed bag of folk, blues, chants and novelty-shop curios covering such subjects as the necessity of avoiding the desire to be president (the only way to stave off Vajra hell),

what to do on a bus ride in Fiji and Ginsberg's exhaustive supply of hymns to, and advertisements for, homosexuality. The ridiculously graphic "Hardon Blues" gets the hilarious disclaimer "old blues songs were allowed to be dirty like this."

Also included are two William Blake poems set to music, "The Tyger" and "My Pretty Rose Tree"; a Ginsberg takeoff on a 17th-century haiku by Basho, "Old Pond"; Peter Orlovsky's "You Are My Dildo"; and a moving song written by Ginsberg on the occasion of his father's death, "Father Death Blues."

The Dub Factor, Black Uhuru (Island 9756). This is the Black Uhuru album we've been waiting for. This most experimental of reggae outfits has consistently shown the ability to transcend the traditional instrumental limitations of the form to concoct a big sound easily



on a par with the most advanced rock, jazz and new music performers. Drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare are the architects of this sonic breakthrough, but before this album you really had to hear the band live to appreciate their true contribution.

The Dub Factor changes all that. Dub tracks are instrumentals with no vocals or only sparse vocal accompaniment. Dub has usually meant a crude or unfinished track in the past, but Sly and Robbie elevate the form to heights that would make the likes of Pink Floyd wince in envy. Tracks here like "Ion Storm," "Big Spliff" and "Android Rebellion" cut astonishing, space-music-like grooves that offer previous unthought-of possibilities for reggae. This is the stuff that floored the audience at last November's Jamaica World Festival when Black Uhuru was the unqualified showstopper. □



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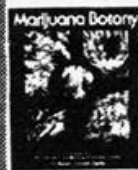
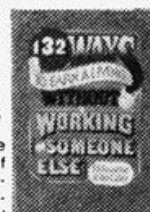
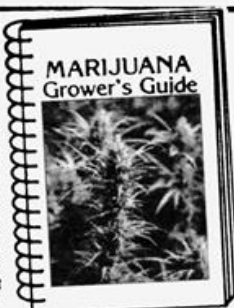
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RAIDERS

/ continued from page 87

sciousness of a culture depends on. Now it's your job to tell us who the guy in the next room is.

"Well, of course it was the most incredible challenge I'd ever faced in the course of an adventure-packed career as a Connoisseur, and—"

"Okay, 'R,' I think I've heard enough. I know what happens next. You know what happens next and there are a few people who know we know, but I don't think we're gonna go any further than that. I don't even think we're going to let you talk about the choice itself."

"Hey, Tex, you can't do that," I protested. "I mean, look, I can think of a way around it. I don't have to tell people what decision I made. I don't have to tell whether I was right—"

"Now jes wait a minute there," said Tex. "I'm afraid we can't even get into the existence of a choice. This is just not gonna play with my people down in Coconut Grove."

"But Tex, I've already implied the possibility of Tom, you know, pulling something like this. The narcs know already. They told me, remember. That's been published already. It's too late to get that cat back in the bag. Anyway, the whole thing is fiction, you're fictional, even those Louis Vuitton bags are fictional. You don't really use Louis Vuitton, you use Mark Cross. So we're covered."

"These guns aren't fictional, 'R.'"

"They could be if I want them to be."

"This reminds me of one of them *ficciones* by that feller Borges," said Tex. "I mean, who's gonna believe a character arguing with his fuckin' author. Especially when this character has final cut."

I thought about it for a while. Even though he was my character, he had a point. He also had a .357 Magnum, even if it was fictional. I decided to play for time. There had to be a way around it. But first I'd at least try to get Tex to finally tell me the story of what *happened* with Tom and Patrick down at the Santa Marta mountain landing strip. It might at least clear up all the rumors and *ficciones* about the reason Tom killed himself that had been floated around among his friends and enemies. There had been a lot of bitterness and factionalism with a lot of people blaming each other. Maybe if the truth came out about the *one* thing that more than anything else drove Tom's spirit to a despair beyond the breaking point people would be able to absolve each

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other and live in harmony. Then again, maybe not.

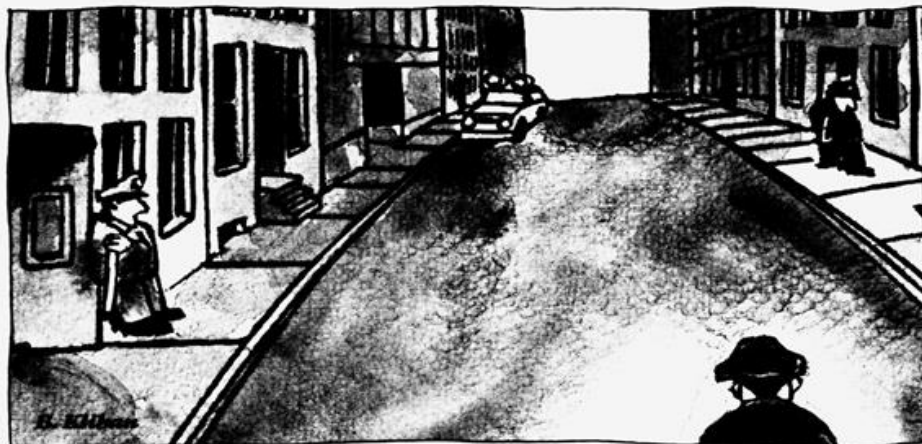
And so Tex told me the story. In return for which I gave him final cut, an act of unprecedented generosity from author to character. Where it ends is up to him and the Sisterhood, and, well, let's just leave it at that and let Tex tell his story.

"The thang is, 'R,' you got to picture this scene. I'm sittin' on a mountain of pure Santa Marta gold, the finest ever grown. Tom and this woman come into the hut and they're waitin' for Patrick's plane to appear. Tom's got a radio communicator and he's guiding Patrick in by voice because it's night and you can't illuminate the runway—not with a mountain of gold on it.

"Well, it happened fast. We hear Patrick's plane and he's comin' in, no lights, and Tom's talking him down and Tom knows it's tricky because he almost blew right off the mountain himself. So he's trying to bring Patrick in lower than he came in. And I can hear him saying, 'Lower, man, lower, get down and kiss those trees.' Well, he meant it as a joke, but unfortunately, through some kind of miscalculation, that's exactly what Patrick did:

"Kissed the trees.

"He just nuzzled them with his nose. But he was doing that at two hundred knots. It was his last kiss, man. He just went one short hair too low and it tore his fucking plane apart. We all watched the fucker burst into flames in front of our eyes. There wasn't a question of survival. I'll never forget the look on Tom's face. Believe me, I've *tried* to forget that look. He never said a word. He went through the motions of that whole trip without saying one fucking word more than was necessary. He just carried on because a lot of people were trusting him to go through with it. He'd given his word. But he never forgave himself. After that was over he just dropped out of sight. He'd done that before. But nothing so total as this. I heard reports he'd gone down to his birthplace in Arizona. Gone down to the place where his father died. Gone down to Bisbee, Arizona, to go into the turquoise business. But when he came back, things were different. That whole private-investigator madness. He kept going around saying someone had sabotaged Patrick's plane. But I think he didn't believe it. It was like he had made up his mind about something. He had some unfinished business to attend to and then he was—well, you know what he attended to. You know how it ended. It's as simple as that." ☐



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NIGHT PEOPLE

Internationally acclaimed photographer Jill Lynne covers the entertainment scene and creates art—through a new technique that employs the use of computer programming with **laser** color printing. The result is a dazzling array of intensely saturated images of music, fashion, theater and film.



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Diana Vreeland at the Met



Grace Jones at the Savoy

The scene encompasses all—nine to fivers, the voyeuristic masses, the groupies of the night and those legitimately living on the edge. And Jill Lynne, of course, to capture them all for posterity.

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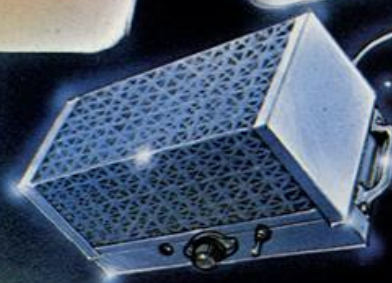
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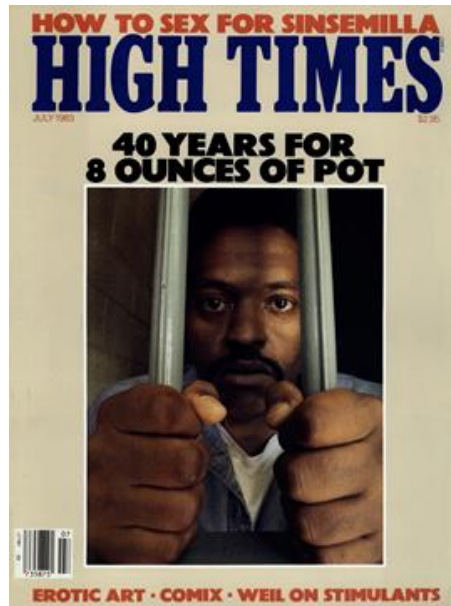
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